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BEDFORD IN YE OLDEN TIME

—BY—

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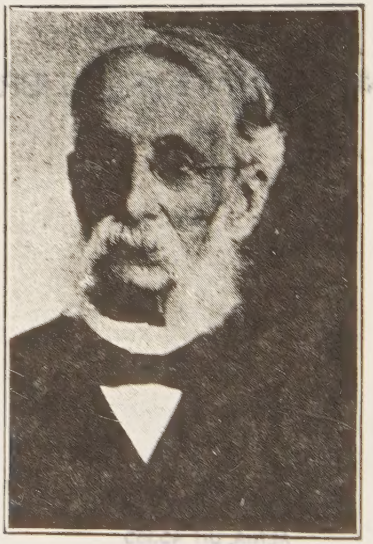

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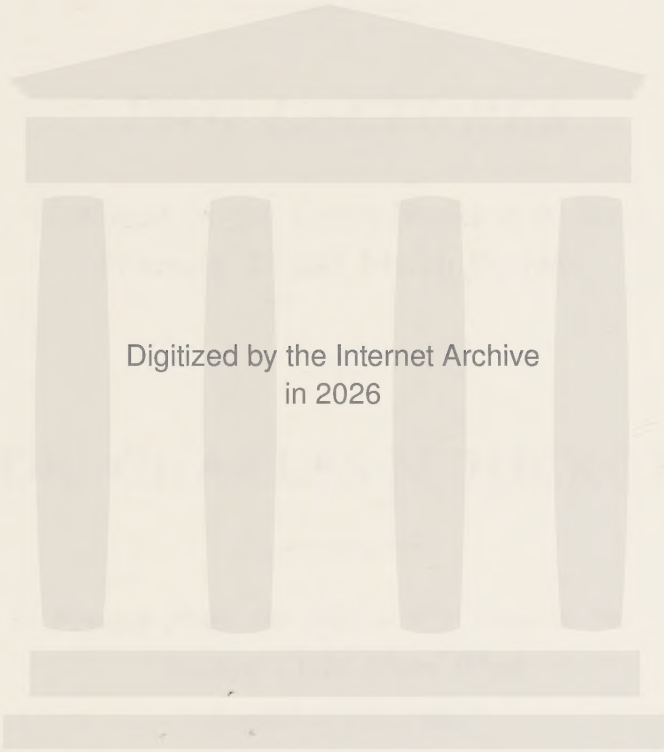
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BEDFORD IN YE OLDEN TIME

TWO LECTURES

Delivered in the Court House at Bedford
February 23 and March 19, 1886

—BY—

DR. CHARLES N. HICKOK

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FIRST LECTURE

It has oftentimes happened that an individual has roamed the entire world, and consumed years in unavailing pursuit of that which, on his return, he found beneath the lintel and beside the hearth-stone of his own childhood's home.

Men have, with unrestful perseverance, searched to the earth's remotest bound for some coveted object and, wearied by fruitless effort, have returned from their wanderings, venting their *cui bono* of disappointment, to proclaim their *eureka* on the spot where their heads were rocked in the cradles of their infancy.

Human hearts have launched their argosies of hope on the ocean of life, and have discovered the "golden fleece" of their desire at the harbor from whence they embarked.

With the pertinacity of the sleuth-hound after its prey, men, in the pursuit of what to them seemed happiness, have

> Compassed Nature, far and near;
> On mountain wild, in desert drear;
> Mid polar snows, on burning sands,
> And charming scenes of tropic lands;—
> Traversed the trackless ocean o'er;
> Stood on Italia's classic shore;
> On isles where birds, in plumage gay,
> Sport mid the trees the livelong day;
> In mines of gems; on coral strands;
> Where pearls lie hid in golden sands;—
> Wandered mid ruined piles, and read
> The records of the mighty dead;—
> Drank at the well of Science; knelt
> At Beauty's Shrine; with Power dwelt;—
> With Reason's torch, on Fancy's wing,
> Flew to the utmost echoing
> Of "chiming spheres," and, raptured, heard
> The music of the seraph world;—

Scanned the whole realm—Earth, Sea and Sky;—
Dived to the deepest mystery;
Quaffed every cup that wealth could buy,
In hope to find
Some precious boon to satisfy
The mind,

and have discovered it at last, where they might have found it before they started, had they sought for it—just beside them and within their hand's reach.

My audience will have divined, by these brief introductory remarks, that I have intended to suggest that we of Bedford have the proclivities of our race in general, which make us subject to the attractions and delusions of the "distance that lends enchantment to the view," and that our people, in common with people of other localities, are continually making, or desiring to make, pilgrimages to remote regions in this or other lands; to visit scenes of hoary memories, unconscious of what is ever present with us, and are sometimes set to wondering, by interrogatory intimations from strangers, that we have left behind us at home, and have, our lives long, been unconsciously associated with legends, and incidents, and history "marvellous as romance and stranger than fiction."

It is not a peradventure that we, "to the manner born," live amidst and stand over relics of antiquity that, in future years, alien hands may make excavations for.

Our hitherto accessible vocabulary of actual events and traditional incidents, of historic deeds and names, is becoming obliterated by the corroding tooth of time. The land marks are crumbling in the dust of years, or are being removed by the accursed hand of sacrilege. The deep-sunken letters that love inscribed on the cairns, and memorial-stones of the long since dead, are wearing away (alas! many are even now effaced) by the incessant rains, and frosts, and suns of recurring years, and unless some second pious,

patient "Old Mortality" shall come to the rescue, the inscriptions, many of which it is not too late to reingrave and restore, will be forever lost. There are graves of the ancient fathers of Bedford that, at this day, are unknown to their descendants, and only one or two lives are standing between the knowledge of the localities and its irretrievable loss, and yet some of those descendants have no solicitude about the matter.

The tomb-stones of Judge Bernard Dougherty; Judge Scott, his son-in-law; Col. Terrence Campbell; Mr. Heyden; Mrs. Dunlap (nee Frazer) and many others from the old burying grounds are gone, stolen, and in more than one respectable house in Bedford the turning up of a hearthstone or a back step would reveal on the under side, varied inscriptions beginning—"Sacred to the memory of."

The blood of worthies of Bedford's early days courses legitimately in the veins of some of the present generation, who have never heard of the relationship and have been surprised as well as gratified, at being informed of it.

There is a despicable affectation prevalent of the sentiment, that citizens of a republic need no ancestral line. It is the veriest stuff. It is true "worth makes the man, the want of it the fellow," let one's ancestry be what it may, and mere pride of ancestry is contemptible, but the "illustrious son" loses neither prestige nor real worth from the fact that he be descended from illustrious sires.

If to come of good stock enhances the value of "dumb, driven cattle," surely the worthy man is justified in not being indifferent to the fact, if he comes from a worthy race.

Before proceeding further let me say now, that I may not need to allude to it further on, that to none of the old towns of this or any other American commonwealth, does Bedford stand second in genuine worth of the constituents that made up her early citizenship. Her first *personnel* was

drawn, with but few exceptions, from the best English, Irish, Scotch-Irish and German stock.

Bedford has always been considered one of the aristocratic towns of the State as well as of the Province. This must be conceded; but she is neither shoddy nor snobbish. She has the true base of solidity. She may lack enterprise, so called, but she is substantial and conservative. Her social status has ever been of the highest type. Her citizens are not millionaires but she has not a single beggar. Her citizens are generally in easy circumstances, and the poorest of them maintain "the glorious privilege of being independent," that the poet Burns so eloquently portrays. If perchance any suffer from want, or sorrow, there are warm hearts and willing hands ever ready spontaneously to give relief. Such was "Bedford in ye olden time." Such is she now. May God vouchsafe to her this heritage forever.

The subject of the paper I have the honor to lay before you, as announced—Bedford in Ye Olden Time—is one, not only of local association, but is widespread in its connections as the commonwealth, and is interwoven, in a greater or less degree, with the history of the entire British colonies.

We all deprecate apologies for non-performance of duty, yet knowing the kindness of my audience I may crave their pardon, when I tell them that illness, since my engagement, has robbed me of many days that I had intended devoting to the better classification of my subject. If then you, my long-time friends, will listen to a rambling, ill-connected chat on old-time Bedford,—that is Bedford from 1751 to 1846,—and, by courtesy, accept it as a lecture, I shall be grateful.

In order to come to our main subject, viz: "The old town" and the "King's House," we must anticipate a few years and speak in brief of Bedford county, for the town, by its present name, is five years older than the county, and

gave the county its name, and as Raystown, it is at least twenty years its senior.

The county of Bedford was created March 9, 1771, by act of the general assembly of the Province of Pennsylvania, entitled "an act for erecting a part of the county of Cumberland into a separate county." This was in the eleventh year of the reign of King George III of England.

Robert McCrea, George Woods, William Miller, Robert Moore and William Elliott, were appointed by the king "to run, mark out and distinguish the lines between the new county and Cumberland, from which it was cut off." Some of these names and others with them associated we shall have occasion to mention again, as intimately connected with the early history of our town. Bedford county, at its creation, was a state domain in itself, extending as it did from the Great Cove, or Tuscarora Mountain and the west branch of the Susquehanna, on the east, to the Virginia and Ohio lines on the west, and from the Virginia and Maryland lines on the south to almost the latitudinal center of the Province on the north. This area was gradually restricted by the erection of Northumberland county, in 1772; Westmoreland, in 1773; Huntingdon, in 1787; Somerset, in 1795; Cambria, in 1804; Blair, in 1846, and Fulton, in 1850. Most of these have, in turn, been divided and subdivided into other counties, until the area of the original Bedford is now occupied by some eighteen counties, or parts of counties. Some of these counties bear the names of our former townships—for instance Armstrong; and Allegheny county was once Pitt township in Bedford county.

The first actual settlement here, of which we have any note, was by one Ray, who had built three cabins on the site of Bedford, in or before 1751. His place was known as Raystown, and an early stockade defense was called "Fort at Raystown." The south fork of the Juniata was

designated "Raystown Branch," as the north fork was known as the "Frankstown Branch." Ray would now be termed a squatter. He had no legal claim to the land. One Garrett Pendergrass had a deed for it from the Indians before Ray's occupancy. This and other early deeds are in our Recorder's office still, and are greater curiosities than we sometimes go to the circus to see. I have no doubt our amiable Recorder will take pleasure in showing them to you. One of the signatures was impressed on my memory at first sight. It is an eccentric picture of an animal that, translated, reads "Hecat." Many of that name still live hereabouts, and inherit the olden-time proclivities for savage encounter and the terrible warhoop. Ray's name does not appear, either in history or legend, after 1751. Pendergrass, finding his lands occupied, obtained another deed from the Indians for the ground where McKeesport now stands, and finding this also occupied, he received a third deed for a half circular tract facing one mile on the Allegheny river, and which is now Allegheny city. As late as 1881, part of it was in litigation by his descendants, before the U. S. courts at Pittsburg, at which I happened to be, as juryman at the time.

The early courts at Bedford were not held, as now, by "men learned in the law" but by "Justices of our Lord the King," nominated by the Governor and authorized by commissioners under the broad seal of the Province. The first "Court of Quarter Sessions of the Peace and Jail Delivery" was held April 16, 1771, before William Proctor, Jr., Robert Cluggage, Robert Hanna, George Wilson, William Lochery and William McConnell, Esquires. The other justices appointed and commissioned by George III, with these, were John Frazer, Arthur St. Clair, Bernard Dougherty, William Crawford, James Milligan, Thomas Gist, Dorsey Pentecost, Alexander McKee and George Woods. Judges

Woods and Dougherty were professional surveyors; as to the others, I know not. Every intelligent school boy can tell of Arthur St. Clair, one of America's great generals of revolutionary and ante-revolutionary times. He was our Arthur St. Clair, one of our first judges and the first prothonotary, recorder, clerk of court and register of wills, appointed thereto by Governor Penn.

William Proctor was the first sheriff. The first commissioners were Robert Hanna, Dorsey Pentecost and John Stevenson.

The first grand jurors were James Anderson, Charles Cessna, James McCashlin, Thomas Kenton, Allen Rose, George Milliken, John Moore, Robert Culbertson, George Funk, John Huff, Rinard Wolf, Valentine Shadacer, Thomas Hay, Samuel Drennin, Edward Rose, Samuel Skinner, William Parker, Christopher Miller, Thomas Croyal, Adam Sam, Jacob Fisher and David Rinard. Many of these names you recognize.

The first attorney sworn into this court was Robert Magraw, Justice Dougherty making the motion for want of a lawyer to make it. Afterward, at the same court, Mr. Magraw making the motion, Andrew Ross, Philip Pendleton, Robert Galbraith, David Sample and James Wilson were admitted; and at the ensuing term, July 16, same year, David Espy, David Grier and George Brent were admitted. We will here say in parenthesis that David Espy was the son-in-law of George Woods and his daughter, Elizabeth, became the wife of Dr. John Anderson and was the mother of the late Dr. George Woods Anderson and Espy Lyon Anderson.

Among the names recommended by the court to the governor, for license as tavern-keepers, were Margaret Frazer, George Funk and Frederick Nawgel, residents of

Bedford town. It will be interesting to know that the court fixed in these licenses a list of tavern rates as follows:

"One bowl of West India rum toddy	1 s.	6 d.
One bowl of Continental or other rum	1 s.	
One bowl of Whiskey toddy	1 s.	
Each to have 1½ pint of liquor.		
Beer or cider per quart		6 d.
1½ pint rum		6 d.
1½ pint whiskey		6 d.
Dinner, supper and breakfast, each	1 s.	
Horse and hay per night		6 d.

The above to be the rates of tavern expenses and to be set up to public view in every tavern in the county of Bedford.

Done by the court,

BERNARD DOUGHERTY, Pres."

The Funk and Nawgel taverns are still standing on West Pitt street, and were of provincial fame in their day for their excellent "entertainment for man and beast." That of George Funk was the aristocratic inn, and the headquarters for the judges, lawyers and army officers of those days. The tavern of Margaret Frazer stood back in the lot occupied now by the residence of Miss Lyons and not far from the iron bridge. It was there that William Frazer, the first native white child in Bedford county, was born. This William Frazer was the grandfather of our townsman James Frazer. Mrs. Frazer was captured by the Indians and held a prisoner for two years suffering untold hardships during her captivity. During her absence, her husband, believing her dead, re-married, by which marriage he has descendants in the county. Immediately on the return of his wife, Margaret, he and his supposed second wife separated and the first married lived together, until Mr. Frazer's death, after which Mrs. Frazer was married to a Mr. Dunlap, and was by this marriage the ancestor of the Williamses of Napier, Everett and Rainsburg. She was, so tradition says, a

most excellent woman and a member of the Church of England.

The first judge, "learned in the law," that presided over these courts, was James Riddle, brother of Samuel Riddle, lawyer, whom we shall hear of further on. He was the uncle of the late Hon. James M. Russell who practiced law in Bedford eighty years ago and for fifty years thereafter. As a boy I remember Judge Riddle well. He lived in Chambersburg and died there in 1838 at the age of 84 years. I recall the fact that he was buried, at his own request, in his wedding suit of sixty years before.

The members from Bedford county to the convention that adopted the constitution of September 28, 1776, were Benjamin Elliott, Thomas Coulter, ancestor of the late Supreme Judge Coulter of Greensburg, Gen. John Burd, John Wilkins, (father of the late Judge Wilkins of Pittsburg, who was also United States Senator from Pennsylvania, Secretary of War and Minister to Russia; they lived in the old stone house, one mile north of town, late Samuel Carney's), John Cessna, ancestor of the Cessnas of the county, Thomas Smith and Joseph Powell. The members of the convention of February 5, 1790, were Joseph Powell and Gen. John Piper, of Yellow Creek. The latter was a remarkable athlete in his day. Many of his exploits are narrated, one of which when past middle life was to leap across the upper open circle of the rotunda in the capitol at Harrisburg. The circle is fifteen feet in diameter and eighty feet from the floor. This was in 1818 when he was a representative.

In 1774 Judge George Woods was delegate from Bedford county to a convention in Philadelphia, called to take action sympathizing with the citizens of Boston in their resistance to British oppression culminating in the famous tea party when 342 chests of tea were emptied overboard to steep in the waters of the harbor.

In 1775 Judge Bernard Dougherty was appointed member, for Bedford county, of the State Committee of Safety, of which Benjamin Franklin was President, and Robert Morris and other distinguished men were members.

In the convention assembled in the celebrated Carpenter's Hall, Philadelphia, June 18, 1776, on call of a committee of correspondence, to take measures to take Pennsylvania government from the hands of the Provincial authorities, in compliance with the recommendation of the Continental Congress, of which Doctor Franklin, Colonel, afterward Governor McKean, Doctor Rush and other celebrities were members; Col. David Espy, Col. Samuel Davidson—ancestor of the Davidsons of West End—and Col. John Piper were delegates from Bedford county.

We have taken merely a glance at the vast amount of data in which the county is interested in common with the borough. We will be economical as possible of the remainder of the time, and yet we have the local history, the buildings and the personnel of ancient Bedford to talk about.

A second thought suggests to me that before referring to the oldest buildings, it would be better to allude, at this point, to the first court house and jails. The act of 1771, erecting the county, appointed "Gen. Arthur St. Clair, Bernard Dougherty, Esq., Thomas Coulter, William Procter and George Woods, gentlemen, or any of them, to purchase and take assurance to them and their heirs of a piece of land situate in said town (Bedford) in trust and for the use of the inhabitants of said county, and thereon to erect and build a court house and prison, sufficient to accommodate the public service of said county and for the use and convenience of the inhabitants."

In pursuance of the foregoing a purchase was made and the deed recorded as the "deed of James McCashlin to Arthur St. Clair, Bernard Dougherty, George Woods and

William Procter, esquires, and Thomas Coulter, gentleman, trustees appointed by the General Assembly of the Province to erect a jail and court house in the county of Bedford, for lot No. 6, bounded partly by the public square, dated November 10, 1771; consideration one hundred pounds." The lot No. 6 referred to is that owned and occupied now by Mrs. V. B. Tate, on the northeast corner of the square. Why the permanent public buildings were not placed there, as at first intended, is not now known and probably never will be. A log building was put on the corner of the lot for the courts, and a jail, or pen of logs, which would be a curiosity now, was also put on the lot where the express office now stands. This jail was a square pen built of hewn logs, about ten feet high, with a hipped roof of clapboards having neither windows nor doors, nor other means of ingress or egress, excepting a trap door in the roof to which access was had by a ladder from the outside and a movable ladder on the inside, which was taken away after the prisoner was landed on the earthen ffoor. There being no percussion, nor other self-igniting matches in those days, a prisoner deprived of his weapons, flint and steel, would, unless perchance he belonged to the burrowing species, have been securely cared for. This log court house was, for many years, used as a dwelling and was taken down about 1850, by the late Samuel H. Tate, esquire, to give place to the present Tate mansion. The prison-pen had been removed more than a score of years before.

The permanent county building known as the old court house and jail, was built from 1771 to 1780, on the portion of the public square in front of where the Lutheran church now stands. It was an unusually extensive building for that day, being massively constructed of limestone, a good deal in the style of the Boquet House. It was a court house and a jail combined. The jail, with its windowless dungeon for

convicts, its cell, looking out into the high-walled yard, for ordinary criminals, and its debtors' prison, with grated window, in front, occupied the lower story to the left of the entrance. The balance of the first floor, to the right, was the sheriff's residence, in the kitchen or one-story wing of which the town elections were held. The court room occupied the entire second story, and was entered by a long outside staircase, the landing of which formed a roof for the front porch below. In one corner of the court room a winding flight of steps led to the grand and other jury rooms, in the third story, or garret, under the high, steep roof, the light to which came through two windows at either broad gable end. Surmounting the center of the roof was a quaint, square belfry, with slatted windows and a tall, square, clapboarded spire, terminating in an iron rod, supporting on cross-rods, four hollow copper balls, indicating the four points of the compass. It was from the dungeon of this jail the celebrated robber and freebooter, David Lewis, made his escape, Sixty-nine years ago, by cutting through the oaken floor and burrowing under the walls, and within twenty-four hours thereafter robbed a traveler on Ray's Hill of a large sum of money, and, finding himself pursued after (as was characteristic of him) from a strange combination of self-interest and benevolence, having given his money to a destitute widowed family, he joined, in disguise, his pursuers, as one of the most assiduous seekers of the daring and wily highwayman, and unsuspectedly seconded their efforts until they relinquished the chase in discouragement.

It was also from this dungeon that the *quasi* Rev. Spongenberg was led to his execution about one hundred years ago. He was the pastor of the German Reformed membership scattered through what is now Fulton, Bedford, Somerset, Westmoreland and Fayette counties. The facts are he was not, *bona fide*, a clergyman. He had been an

officer in the Prussian service and had fled to the new world to escape the consequences of some wrong-doing. Being a man of liberal education he passed himself off as a minister and came for greater security into this, then, wilderness. While ministering at Berlin, now in Somerset county, the evil reports followed him, and on a Saturday, after a service preparatory to the celebration of the Holy Eucharist on the ensuing Lord's Day, one of his Elders, Glessner by name, remonstrated with him for attempting such services, under the circumstances, when Spongenberg, in a passion drew a knife from his breast and stabbed Glessner and killed him, some say at the base of the pulpit stairs, others in the front yard of the church. Spongenberg was brought to Bedford jail, tried and hanged, unrepentant to the last. This is, I believe the only case of penal execution in this county, excepting that of Rice, hanged within the present jail yard in 1841 for the murder of young McBirney on Ray's Hill. Tradition tells of the execution, by military law, of a German soldier, a tailor by trade, in 1760. He was hanged on a tree about where now is the corner of Richard and John streets. The story used to be told that he sat in the cart on his coffin smoking his pipe with the greatest *nonchalance*, and when the cart was driven from under him and the rope snapped in twain, letting him fall to the ground, he jumped up, cursing the awkwardness that had broken his pipe.

The old county offices were in a one-story brick building that stood on the square, between the old court house and where is now The Gazette building. This was torn down in about 1850, and the bricks were used by B. W. Garretson is building the brick house next east of the Gravel Hill reservoir. The old stone court house and jail were used as a school house and dwelling, some ten or twelve years after the present one was built. It was also used, during all its years, as a place of worship, as occasion required,

by all bodies of Christians having members here. It was finally taken down by order of court, in 1838, and was a hale old structure to the last. On a hot, dry summer's day one can still trace the old foundations of the house and the yard wall in the green sod of the northwest quarter of the square.

We now come to ancient buildings of the town. The oldest of these, unquestionably, was the old fort house,—the "King's House" of colonial days—the recent destruction of which by fire we all so sincerely regret.

The evidence is conclusive that this building was standing in 1755. It was most likely built in 1754 or even earlier. The stockade fort that succeeded the smaller defenses of Ray was, no doubt, built at or about the same time. This was in the reign of George II of England and six years before George III, the oppressor of the American colonies, ascended the throne. It was in constant occupation by the British forces, larger or smaller, all through the French and Indian and succeeding wars, and thereafter for years as a place of refuge from or a nucleus of defense against the Indians. The King's House, as you all know, was of two stories, built of large hewn logs. Of late years it was weatherboarded, with shingle roof and plastered walls inside. In early days it was "chunked and daubed," in and out, and had a split clapboard roof and a clay floor.

The fort in which it stood was a pentagon, with silent points at each angle. It had one postern or gate that stood just north of the crossing in front of Mrs. Brode's residence, and another on the northeastern side toward the river. A large grove of apple trees, called the "King's Orchard," occupied the slope east of the fort. Soldiers and others were promiscuously buried in it at a very early day. This accounts for the frequent unearthing of human remains all over that part of the town in later years. The last tree of

the orchard was standing on the Bollinger property as late as 1847.

Tradition says that a detachment of Braddock's army, under Col. George Washington, stopped a night at the fort, while going west in 1755. This is traditional only. What follows is history.

In 1758 the army of General Forbes, of more than 9,000 men, were encamped here on their way to relieve the beleaguered garrison at Fort DuQuesne. Col. Henry Boquet, a native of the Canton Vaud in Switzerland, an accomplished officer and a veteran in several European wars, was commandant at the fort and had rendezvoused here with the Pennsylvania provincial troops. Colonel Washington, who had rendezvoused at Winchester, in command of the Virginia, North Carolina and Maryland provincial troops, joined Boquet here, during the late summer, and early in September, General Forbes, who had been detained at Carlisle by illness, marched with the British regulars, composed of four battalions of 1,000 men each, and united at Bedford with Boquet's and Washington's forces, and with them proceeded on their westward compaign.

Having vanquished the enemies of Great Britain, and terminated the French and Indian, or Seven Years' War, they returned east and again encamped at Bedford, reviewing here their army, now consisting of 8,000 men.

In August, 1759, General Stanwix encamped at the fort, while on his way to protect the northwest frontier on Lake Erie. All the letters and official documents were this year and thereafter, dated at "Bedford," or "Fort Bedford." Always before they were dated "Fort at Raystown," or "Camp at Raystown."

In 1763, during what was called the "Kiyasuta and Pontiac," or "Indian War," (a preconcerted uprising of the Indians in which the Shawnese, Delawares and other Ohio

tribes took the lead, which had its inception in jealousy of the growing power of the whites, and was conceived and planned by Kiyasuta, chief of the Senecas, and Pontiac, chief of the Ottawas,) Boquet, then Brigadier General, marched west, going through and camping at Fort Bedford on his way to the relief of Fort Pitt, which has been built on the ruins of Fort DuQuesne, left to go to decay after the campaign of five years before. The history of this war is thrilling in the extreme, but I must exclude it, as well as a hundred other things I would like to talk about and you would be interested to hear, for want of time, except just so much as is indispensable to our present subject. All the forts, Bedford amongst the rest, were in imminent danger. The inhabitants for many miles around were flocking to them for safety. Volunteers from Bedford and elsewhere had gathered for the defense of the several forts. Fort Ligonier was terribly pressed. Captain Currie, a Scotchman, who commanded at Fort Bedford, had promptly sent out of his slender garrison twenty good marksmen to its aid. These were intercepted by the savages, but making a sally they reached the fort, (Ligonier) unharmed by the random shots of the Indians. Many of the refugees did not succeed in reaching Fort Bedford. Some forty or more were slain or were carried into captivity. For some reason the fort was not attacked, which was fortunate for those in it, for the garrison were few in numbers. In the meantime two companies of infantry, from General Boquet's advancing army, arrived, by forced marches, and they were safe. On July 25, General Boquet with the rear of the army reached Bedford and made his headquarters at the large stone house, now Adam Carn's, opposite the "King's House," and without the fort, as also were many other houses at the time. It was thereafter spoken of as the "Boquet House," and Governor John Penn so designated it when in 1766, he gave his Surveyor

General, John Lukens, orders "to lay out a town in Penn's Manor, to be called Bedford, the streets of which to be made parallel and at right angles with Boquet's house." This explains why the old fort house stood at an eccentric angle as regards the town. It was built several years before and placed to suit the knoll on which it stood. Captain Lems, who built the Boquet house while he was commandant, about 1758, had, being a free mason, located it by the points of the compass. Captain Lems returned to England at an early day, having sold his house to George Woods, in whose possession and that of his heirs, it remained until 1846 or '47. Woods also owned what is known as the Job Mann farm, over the river.

At the time of the passage of General Boquet's army in 1763, until 1780, and later, there were occasional outbreaks of savage cruelty. These were especially frequent and terrible in 1763-64 and in '67. The obliteration of entire families, and the dispersion and destruction of settlements were of not infrequent occurrence.

Three brothers of the name of Moore, one of them John, the grandfather of Ex-Sheriff Hugh and of George Moore, settled in Snake Spring Valley prior to 1763. During one of the predatory excursions of the Indians the family started for refuge to Fort Bedford and all of them succeeded in getting there except one of the brothers, George by name, who in trying to beat back the Indians killed one and was himself wounded and, as his friends supposed, was slain. Seven years afterward he returned to his home—the present Snyder farm—having been a prisoner all that time. Parties were killed while fleeing from Morrison's Cove to Fort Bedford, among others, ancestors of Mr. Bowers, our banker. Massacres occurred near Bloody Run, on Clear ridge, and other localities east of this. Sparks, the ancestor of the families of that name, on Clear ridge; Milligan of Milligan's

Cove; McConnell of McConnell's Cove; the Pipers of Yellow Creek; Alexander Alexander—"Double Alec" as he was called—the pioneer of Wells' Valley; the Williamses and others, who lack of time will not permit me to name, had many fearful experiences with, and hairbreadth escapes from their savage foes, the recital of which would rival the rugged romances of Cooper's "Leather-Stocking Tales."

Every school child has heard of Tull's Hill, a high ridge on the Pittsburg pike, seven miles west from Bedford, and the massacre of the Tull family. Mr. Tull's house or cabin was on the summit of the hill, north of the present turnpike, on the old road, or packer's path. The family consisted of the parents, and ten children, nine daughters and one son. The son, fortunately for him, was absent and escaped. All the others, eleven souls, were murdered, scalped and one burned in the house. The story, in detail, is horribly interesting, but lack of time deprives us of it this evening. Maj. James Burns (father of the late General and Judge James Burns and ancestor of Samuel and Daniel Burns, of Bedford,) who died a few years ago at the age of 102 years, came upon the scene before the victims had ceased to breathe, and hastening to the fort gave the alarm. A party of soldiers started in pursuit but it was only in time to have the dead buried. The savages had escaped. Mrs. Amick, ancestor of Mrs. George Stiffler, Mrs. Mower and others, who died at Clearville some fifteen years ago, at the age of 107 years, also witnessed savage atrocities and made escapes in her younger days to the fort.

I give an extract from the Pennsylvania Gazette of August 20, 1764, which incidentally explains the perilous state of affairs at the time. It says: "All appears to be quiet at present along the frontier except about Bedford, where there are, according to intelligence from thence, savages lying in wait for opportunity to do mischief." General

Boquet writes to Governor Penn, August 25, 1764, as follows: "A party of thirty or forty Indians have killed near Bedford, one Isaac Stimble, an industrious inhabitant of Ligonier, taken a train of horses," (all the merchandise in those days was transported on horses and was termed packing) "loaded with merchants' goods, and shot some cattle, after Colonel Reed's detachment passed the post."

In Rev. Doctor Dorr's history of the early Episcopal churches of Philadelphia, we learn that in July, 1763, the "back inhabitants" at Bedford and other points were in such distressed condition from the inroads of the savages that Christ and St. Peter's churches at the instance of their rector, Rev. Dr. Peters, contributed the sum of £662 3s for their relief and, after corresponding with the rector and wardens of St. John's church at Carlisle, for information, "sent supplies of flour, rice and medicines, together with two chests of arms, half a barrel of powder, four hundred pounds of lead, two hundred of swan shot, and one thousand flints"—right substantial spiritual aid.

In 1778 the mother of the late James Rea (no relative of Ray, the first settler) who was born on the farm on which he died, four miles south of Bedford, took him when two years old on horseback to her former home at Shippensburg to escape the Indians. The late Dr. John Anderson when a boy of eleven years went one evening in company with a companion of about the same age into a pasture near the town for his father's cows. They were pursued by Indians. Young Anderson succeeded in getting home but the other lad was captured by the savages and never heard from afterwards. These are but a few of the incidents of hardship of those days that we can here relate.

The houses, now standing, next in age to the Boquet house, are the Funk and Nawgel taverns on West Pitt

street, and the old tavern, now residence of William Kiser on East Pitt. Contemporaneous with these was the long, low, two-storied log weather-boarded house that stood where is now the McColloh hall, corner of Pitt and Richard streets. This was built in 1766, by Thomas Anderson, father of the John Anderson above referred to and great-grandfather of the present generation of Andersons of Bedford. The early life of Anderson was a somewhat romantic one. In his native home in North Ireland he was known from his convivial and fox-hunting proclivities as "Rollicking Tom Anderson," but he was warm-hearted and generous to the last degree. He had won the heart and was promised the hand of the daughter of one of his father's neighbors, Alice Lyon, the aunt of the late Mrs. James M. Russell, and grand-aunt of the late William Lyon, Esq. The alliance was objected to by the lady's father, a man of rigid views, on account of Tom's recklessness, and she was forbidden to see him. Finding, as all such fathers do, parental authority an ineffectual barrier against the cunning of the "subtle god," Mr. Lyon surreptitiously sent his daughter across the "deep, deep sea" to the care of her brother, who had emigrated to Carlisle a few years before. Tom sought for her in vain amongst her kindred, and finally, disgusted and disconsolate, he sold his heritage and, gathering together his worldly gear, sought to forget his disappointment in the wilds of the new world. He made investments in Virginia. Some special providence drew him to Carlisle. As he was walking along the street the word "Tom!" reached his ear in tones "that made the heart ov him lape intil his mouth" and looking in the direction of the voice he saw his Alice reaching her eager hands to him from an upper window. The romantic story is long, I cannot tell it here, but finally he bore his "true love" to Virginia where the twain were duly made one. Finally, in 1765 they came to Bedford, and lived here long, and for

many years Rollicking Tom and his Alice have rested, side by side, under the thorn trees in the old town grave-yard.

The stone house now owned by G. M. Anderson was built by William Procter; the Espy house, now Mowry's, built by David Espy; the old Washington, burned in 1839, owned by Humphrey Dillon (father of Mrs. V. B. Tate); what is now the Bedford Hotel (Hafer) built by Rev. William Smith, D. D., rector of St. Peter's church, Philadelphia, first provost and founder of the University of Pennsylvania, also founder of the town of Huntingdon; the Heyden house now Miss Lyons'; the bank house (Hartley & Bowers) built by David Riley, as also the north end of the Fort house built by Henry Wertz, were from stone quarried on the summit of what is known as Beher's Hill, on the Anderson estate and between the years 1767-95.

The two oldest brick houses standing since the county offices in the square were removed, are the Dr. Anderson mansion, built by him, now the "Farmers' Home," on East Pitt street, and the old Davidson homestead built by Colonel Davidson, both built during the last quarter of the last century, exact date not known. Henry Woods, son of George, built the stone house now Blymyer's, before the building of the adjoining one (the bank house) by David Riley, in 1795. Henry Woods was in Congress. The stone store building, now in possession of Oster & Burns, was occupied about 1800 and thereafter by Col. Terrence Campbell and son as a store. It is said that the colonel, Terry as he was called, built it. If he did it was on a ground lease, as it was Woods' land.

General Burd built the brick house now in possession of J. C. Wright and Bro. and Dr. Statler, late in the last, or early in this century. He was an able lawyer and the son of Col. James Burd of the "Seven year war" fame. The old colonel and his wife died on the same day and were

buried in one grave in the old graveyard south of town, and have since been removed to the cemetery.

The house on the southeast corner of the square, owned by M. A. Points, now occupied by T. S. Gilchrist, was built in 1798 by David Bowen, father of the venerable John Bowen, Esq., printer, to whom I am indebted for many valuable reminiscences. Mr. Bowen learned his trade in The Gazette office under Charles M'Dowell more than sixty years ago. He was born in the house in question. At the time of the raising of the house there were one hundred soldiers encamped in the square and they aided in the raising. The house was afterward owned by John Tod, Judge and Supreme Judge, of Pennsylvania. Here Mrs. Tod died in 1826, the day before the burning of the Bonnett House, now Purcell's. Mrs. Tod was the daughter of General Hanna, whose wife was the daughter of John Harris the founder of Harrisburg. She (Mrs. Hanna) was sister of Mrs. Maclay of Harrisburg, the great-grandmother of our fellow citizen, Judge Hall.

Where the Russell mansion—that was built in 1816—stands, was a log house, owned by one Henry Sides, a dissipated character, whose daughter married William Clark—Big Bill, as he was called from his great size, being scarcely able to walk from his enormous weight. He kept the "Rising Sun"—the old fort house, at an early day. He also kept the Clark House, now residence of John P. Reed, Esq. It was afterward kept by John Keeffe, the father of our genial friend, Col. John Keeffe, who was born there. While Clark had it a stranger hanged himself in the garret. Mr. Bowen says the corpse was taken down the alley to the old Episcopal burial ground by a few youngsters, "double quick" and buried *sans ceremonie*. The late Dr. Barclay had, at the time, his office in a one-story shed-roofed building that stood

against the Keeffe house, where is now the Minnich drug store building.

Mr. Hershberger, grandfather of Henry, built in 1800 the log-weatherboarded house now Mrs. Brode's, as a residence, and afterwards, after 1820, the brick between it and Diehl's—the Minnich residence—as a store room, now Heckerman's drug store. The Minnich house was built about 1820 by Jacob Diehl, clockmaker. Opposite, in front of the office of the late Mr. Findlay Mann, stood the log house of "Billy Gibson" which was built before the fort went down.

Samuel Funk, (one of the sons of George) hatter, owned all the corner from Hershberger's around to Dr. Hofius' house. It was filled with quaint, one-story buildings that, a few years ago, gave place to the Brode building. In the corner one Associate Judge Morrison had a store for years. In the next one Hershberger's, Thomas R. Gettys, Sr., about 1824, started a newspaper called the "True American," in the interests of the Whig party. He sold it to one Grier; bought it back again in 1827, changed its name to the Bedford Inquirer, advocating the same political creed, which paper, after sundry vicissitudes, incident to all human enterprises, always preserving its individuality, remains a lively and estimable journal to this day. Lecturing for a cemetery association seems a dead subject, the introduction into which, of living issues may not be just the thing, yet viewing the situation from my own—I trust—not bigoted standpoint, I may be pardoned for the magnanimity that inspires me to turn aside to congratulate the venerable paper on the versatility that has enabled it to adapt itself to changing circumstances, and the vitality that has survived the death of sundry of its germs of life and has enabled it to keep on top through all the phases of party name and aspect, since the old Whig party gave up the ghost in 1844, until now it is

keeping such effective vigil over so lively a corpse as the National Republican party. I hope the good old paper may live a thousand years, and that when "Azrael's hand shall fix upon her brow the seal of fate," her sturdy old sister, The Gazette, with principles and name unchanged, as heretofore, may weep, chief mourner at her funeral. Jesting aside, Bedford has cause to be proud of both her journals. They are venerable in age, as the times go; they are both stalwart conservators of the peace, intelligence and good morals of the homes and state.

But we were talking of old houses. Daniel Lyberger, blacksmith, built the house, now Dexter White's, long, long ago. He was the father of the late venerable Mrs. Chapman. Henry Hoblitzell built the one, late Espy M. Alsip's residence. John Reynolds built the one next—below Mrs. Harry's—late Colonel Hafer's, in what years I cannot say, probably from 1810 to 1825. Christopher Riley built, about 1800, the yellow frame house just west of the Union Hotel, and taken down by Mr. Steckman, some years ago. Jacob Fulford, locksmith, built the house on West Pitt street, now Daniel Shuck's. It is also very old. The old classical Academy, now Dr. Enfield's residence, was built about 1818.

The Hofius house, now Mrs. Harry's; the Judge Walker house, part of present Union Hotel; the Schell house, now Odd Fellow hall; the Allegheny Bank of Bedford, now John Anderson's, were all built about 1812-16. The only house east of the Presbyterian church on Penn street, at an early day, except that of Samuel Riddle, now Barton house, stood diagonally opposite the Riddle house, on the present location of Miss Lyons' houses. John Claar, blacksmith, ninety years ago built that which with additions was, of late, the Middleton homestead. The old house of the Mann family, next the fort house, was built not less than eighty years ago, by Hon. David Mann, and occupied for a time by one Woodcock,

clockmaker, reputed to be a most excellent man. There are many of his and Diehl's clocks existing in the county, noted as true time-keepers. The old Heckerman house, recently removed to the rear of its lot to make room for a grander building, was built in 1806 by Charles M'Dowell, Esq., the founder of The Gazette in 1805. Elwood Harmer is his great-grandson. What would the old gentleman say could he see Elwood voting? The old house was subsequently the Presbyterian parsonage. The old, one-story house since Bollinger's, with second story added, was in 1805 the drug store of a Dr. George Foulke. The discovery of the Bedford Springs lay between him and Jacob Fletcher, who was a typical "Izaak Walton," and an eccentric character in his day. Henry Wertz owned the springs property and the "Rising Sun"—the Fort House—about 1790. He built the stone or northeast end of it. Thomas Moore, Walter F.'s grandfather, built the south or brick end of the Rising Sun in 1812 and kept the inn. The Martha Campbell house on East Pitt street, late belonging to Barclay & Kegg, is at least one hundred years old. Miss Campbell, a decayed gentlewoman, who died forty years ago aged nearly ninety, owned it, and had barely income enough to enable her, by careful economy, to live. She was a granddaughter or great-granddaughter of one of the Dukes of Argyll, the family name of which house is Campbell. She had several relics descended from her ancestors, amongst other articles some old silver plate, several pieces of which are now in the possession of William C. Kean, one of her grand-nephews. Amongst other heirlooms she had an enormously large ring, such as used to be worn on the thumb as a signet, by kings and noblemen. It had belonged to her grandfather or to some previous ancestor. It was a stone, mounted in a richly wrought gallery setting of fine gold and of exquisite beauty. I saw it in 1845 and although the setting seemed very de-

cidedly blue for an amethyst, as Miss Campbell supposed it was and as I, with my then limited knowledge of gems, thought it, we were mistaken. Had it been such, its value as a set might have been fifty dollars. A grand-nephew of hers, now dead, had a fancy for the jewel and she gave it to him. Being in St. Louis soon after and out of funds, he proposed to pledge the ring to a jeweler of his acjuaintance for twenty-five dollars, and was surprised to receive the offer of twelve hundred dollars for it. The stone was a sapphire of the first water, and it ended in his having the stone exchanged for an amethyst and a payment of sixteen hundred dollars. I have since learned by pricing sapphires of the same size that it was worth more than as many thousands. The old lady never knew the value of her ring. She died, leaving her house to her niece, Mrs. Kean, with enough to give her burial and erect a decent memorial over her head. Such is destiny.

In these old grave yards—"the church burial place," as the Penn grant terms it, on Penn street, and that designated by the same grant as "a burial ground for the Calvinists and Lutherans of the town," lay many of the pioneers of Bedford. In the old "Church" yard, from which the remains of the dead were removed, in 1863, to the cemetery, lay for many years the remains of Judges Dougherty and Scott with their families, Col. Terrence Campbell—brother of Martha I think—Mr. Heyden and many others. In removing the dead, a number of remains were found with bullet holes in the skulls, one with the bullet inside, and some with tomahawk cuts showing how they died; also some valuable antique jewelry. In the Presbyterian grave yard, as it is now known, lie the Woodses, the Espys, the Davidsons, the Moores, the Campbells, the Andersons, Thomas McGaughey, one of the first sheriffs; the Reynolds, the Funks, Judge Tod and wife and a host of other early

names of the locality, and near by is the private burial place of Capt. Hugh Barclay and his descendants.

Another grave in the old yard has interesting associations. It is that, as the epitaph reads, of "Col. Levin Powell of Virginia," who died in the Reynolds hotel, now Col. Hafer's, in 1810, while here for his health. The late Hon. James Russell was with him the night he died and acted as a friends to see to his burial.

Unpremeditated sayings of great men sometimes strike the popular ear and become a heritage to the world forever, such as Washington Irving's "almighty dollar;" General Grant's "let us have peace;" Judge Black's "justice travels with a leaden heel but she strikes with an iron hand." Washington was the author of the phrase "principles, not men," and this is how it happened. Colonel Powell and Washington were in the same Congressional district and of the same political party, but they were not on amicable terms. This was after Washington left the presidential chair. Powell was running for Congress. As General Washington alighted from his horse, handed his bridle to his groom, and walked up to the polls to announce his vote and have it recorded as was the then custom in Virginia, the crowd, curious to know how he would vote under the circumstances, followed him. Washington observing this and divining the reason exclaimed, in words that have passed into a proverb, "Gentlemen I vote for principles, not men," and then directed the clerk to record his vote for Col. Levin Powell. Colonel Powell was the father of Commodore Powell, who has often visited the Springs.

The old stone reservoir on Gravel Hill was built about 1820-22 and the wooden pipes therefrom supplied two hydrants, also a running pump between the Washington and the Riley house. Gov. John Penn gave the springs to the town, as also the limestone spring and school grounds at

the foot of Thomas street. Wonder has often been expressed why John Penn, as a Quaker, left no ground for that sect in the town when it was laid out. I know not why, but this I know. William Penn was a Quaker. His grandson, Gov. John Penn, was an Episcopalian and a member of the old Christ church, Philadelphia. His tomb is in front of the chancel in that church, to the left of the centre aisle, and not ten feet from the pews of President Washington and Dr. Franklin.

The question has often been asked why is the east end of the town called "Mud Town," and the west end called "Texas"? I'll tell you. Before the turnpike was made in 1816, the old provincial road from the east crossed Dunning's creek just where is does now and came up through Funk's farm, late Chenoweth's (it is the same old road) and entered town over a bridge where is now the fording west of G. M. Anderson's. When the frosts came out of the ground in the spring the spouty surface between the bridge and Rush's alley was almost impassable and is was the custom of wagoners to "double-team," as it was termed; that is take the teams from two or three wagons and attach them to one and drag is over the deep mire, then return to bring another up, and so on, until they had mutually helped all beyond the slough. This is the origin of the name.

Now as to Texas. During the years in which the various tragic events were transpiring in Texas, which culminated in its admission into the union in 1845, there lived two daughters of Eve, in West Pitt street, not over saintly in disposition, and decidedly Amazon-like in their "git up," who for unexplained reasons were in constant antagonism. It is Washington Irving who remarks, in speaking of the conversational accomplishments of Mistress Van Winkle, that "a tart temper rarely mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edged-tool that grows keener by constant

use." The unruly members of the daughters aforesaid proved the truth of Diedrich Knickerbocker's axiom, and hence they kept the neighborhood in such perpetual turmoil that it became a customary diversion of the boys to rendezvous in West Pitt street to witness the forensic skill of these heroines, or, as the boys expressed it, "to hear them cussing at mark." On some occasions they came to blows; or rather scratchings and hair pullings. Finally as news came, from time to time, from the Mexican frontier, of tragic scenes like that of the Alamo and others, the youngsters, reasoning from analogy, as boys will, associated the then familiar term "Texan Rangers," with the dove eyed belligerents of the west end, and, finally, the locality became "Texas," and "remaineth so to this day," not one in a hundred of our present population dreaming of the "cause why."

Ladies and Gentlemen:—I have exhausted the evening and I fear your patience; and yet my subject is not half exhausted. Many subjects—the whiskey insurrection, Washington's visits, old houses of entertainment, the individuals and characters of years ago, the origin of the several religious bodies, and a dozen other topics are untouched for want of time. If a lecture on these shall be desired, as I am informed is the case, I shall be most happy to gratify your kind wishes, and further serve the interests of the excellent and important enterprise in whose behalf I have appeared before you this evening.

SECOND LECTURE

Ladies and Gentlemen:—At our former reading, for reasons then explained, we found it impracticable to adhere to a strict chronological arrangement of our subject; that is, it was convenient to anticipate some incidents and to narrate them in connection with others not concurrent with them in point of time, because of the association of individual actors with both. For instance, it was necessary to give a synopsis of the history of the county of Bedford, its age being but one hundred and fifteen years, in order the more intelligibly to refer to that of the town of Bedford, or Raystown, though having a seniority of twenty years. So, this evening, we will be finding ourselves crossing and recrossing lines of date and occurrence possibly more frequently than on the last, and from a like necessity.

The first event we shall refer to tonight will be what has always been known as the massacre at Bloody Run, in 1765, though how that could be called a massacre, in which no person was killed, Webster does not seem to understand, and I am sure I don't. It is a little like our friend Dennison's—who lived here many years ago—conception of the word *assassinate*. It was during the "Kansas-Nebraska" imbroglio, and party feeling ran very high here as elsewhere, in those days. Our friend was a warm partisan much given to discussion, "and though vanquished oft could argue still." A favorite phrase, of last resort, of his was—"And didn't the rascals 'sassinate Governor Geary and run him clean out of the territory, I'd like to know?"

The following, published at the time in a London, England, paper is perhaps as authentic an account as any of the "massacre" in question. It says: "The convoy of eighty horses, loaded with goods, chiefly on his majesty's account as presents to the Indians, and part on account of Indian traders, were surprised in a narrow and dangerous defile by a body of armed men. A number of the horses were killed and the whole of the goods carried away by the plunderers. The rivulet was dyed with blood, and ran into the settlement below, carrying with it the stain of crime

upon its surface." The foregoing is as explicit, probably, as a report borne across the Atlantic, from the wilds of the west, at that day, could well be. The best authorities, and I think with show of reason, think this was a palpable case of highway robbery, purely for plunder. I formerly held a different opinion, and felt justified in classing it with an occurrence of four years later, that I will, in a few moments, narrate, but reasons suggested to me by the historian of Lancaster county, Samuel Evans, Esq., of Columbia, and different circumstances existing at the different dates—1765 and 1769, have changed my views in regard to it. The report in the English papers was incorrect in one essential detail. The *melee* was not "in a narrow and dangerous defile," but just a few yards from the spring, the stained outlet of which received from the occurrence, the name "Blood Run," not "Bloody Run," as is now commonly believed. The fact that blood ran from the slaughtered cattle that were killed, while the convoy stopped at the spring to feed their stock and eat their dinners, and that this blood stained the Raystown branch some four hundred yards distant and possibly twenty-five or thirty feet lower in grade, gave the popular version of the occurrence, and from one telling another that "blood run into the river" and the narrative being repeated *ad infinitum*, the name was fixed to the little rivulet—Blood Run—as many other names have been fixed on localities and on men. The authority for this statement was Mrs. Henrietta Fishburn, one of the most intelligent ladies of Bedford's earlier days, and one of God's saints, graced by that most beautiful of all adornments, spirit of the Master. She came here at an early day from her native province, South Carolina, lived for a time at "Blood Run" then removed to Bedford and died here thirty years ago, at the age of ninety years, with her intellect unclouded and her memory bright till the last. I consider her evidence indisputable on this point, as against the changing local traditions of passing generations. She was the mother of the venerable Mrs. Daugherty who still lingers with us at the age of ninety-five years, the counterpart of her sainted parent in Christian character. The testimony of the late Mrs. Peter Barndollar of Bloody Run, who was contemporary with

Mrs. Fishburn in age, and died about the same time, corroborated that of Mrs. Fishburn as to this fact. Mrs. Barndollar was a daughter of Judge Martin, one of the early associates of the county. These ladies were intimate friends for about seventy-five years.

The incident I referred to a few minutes ago as having occurred in 1769, was as follows: The inhabitants on the frontier, who at that time, and previously, had suffered from the incursions of the Indians, were greatly incensed at the traders who furnished to them the munitions of war. With a view of ending a traffic so destructive to their homes and lives, the settlers collected a large force and attacked the traders and carried off large quantities of powder, lead, etc. Soon after a number of these parties and others who had not participated in the affray, were seized and imprisoned in Fort Bedford. Col. James Smith, whose name is intimately associated with the frontier and other early history of our state, being satisfied of the unjustness of the imprisonment under the circumstances, encamped one evening on the banks of the Raystown Branch, in the vicinity of Bloody Run, with a force of eighteen men, and under cover of the night made a forced march, reaching Fort Bedford a little before break of day and lying in shade of the river bank until some one opened the postern to go down to the water, they rushed into the fort, surprised and disarmed the sentinels, captured the garrison, released the prisoners, and with them escaped. This daring exploit occasioned general rejoicing among the settlers. It seems as if the traders in that day were pursuing the same unwarranted course some are engaged in, in ours; viz., gratifying their lust for lucre, at the sacrifice of the public good, by surreptitiously furnishing the savages in the west with material for carrying on their predatory and murderous attacks on the unprotected settlers. It were well, perhaps, if there were now as then, stern men who on their individual responsibility, would correct these evils by summary vengeance on the sordid knaves.

Colonel Smith was afterwards arrested, and, in resisting the arrest, accidentally killed one of the posse making it, and was tried for murder. He was triumphantly acquit-

ted and afterward occupied distinguished positions, both in civil and military life.

It may be as well here, as elsewhere, to read a copy of an interesting document, the original of which was in possession of the late William Findlay Mann and is now, I presume, amongst his papers, as he was very careful of it. It is as follows:

September 23, 1776.

The Committee of Correspondence: This is to certify that I have bought a rifle gun of Peter Smith, to the price of five pounds, twelve shillings and six pence, which you will pay. From yours,

Capt. Andrew Mann.

To George Woods, Chairman.

Capt. Mann lived and died near Warfordsburg and is buried near his old home. A stone bearing a long epitaph marks his grave. He was the father of the late Hon. Job Mann, also of Judge David Mann of Fulton county. It is worthy of remark that, in this country of change, the old fort house at which Capt. Mann was some time commandant, and where he was often times on duty, should be, when it was burned, in possession of his great-grandchildren.

I neglected to mention in its proper connection, in my first lecture, the killing, by the Indians, about 1768, of Captain Dunlap—the ancestor of the Williams connection of Rainsburg, Harmon's Bottom and Everett, whose wife was the widow Frazer heretofore alluded to—and of James Henry, grandfather of the late James Henry, M. D., of Everett.

Captain Dunlap was an Irishman of enormous physique. The late Jonathan Cessna who died in Cumberland Valley about thirty-five years ago at a great age, who was himself over six feet high, described Captain Dunlap in the language of scripture as a "Saul who was a head and shoulders above his brethren." He was killed at or near Frankstown, on the same expedition in which Henry lost his life. He was captain of the company who had gone out to pursue the depredating savages.

James Henry and George Nixon—who had married Rebecca Woods, a sister of George Woods, in North Ire-

land, before Thomas Woods, their father, and his family emigrated to America—were intimate friends and companions, especially in hunting. Nixon had settled somewhere on Dunning's creek, as also had Henry. Henry's death occurred while a company of the settlers were in pursuit of a band of predatory Indians in direction of Frankstown. He had mentioned to Nixon a dream he had that impressed his mind with the idea that he was to be taken by the Indians, and that he had made up his mind to fight to the death rather than be captured by them. Nixon advised him, in case of a hopeless attack, to save his life by submitting to captivity, assuring him that he and his other friends would pursue and rescue him. The party met and had a fight with the savages defeating them, after which the whites discovered that Henry was missing. Search was instantly begun for him and finally his dead body was found propped against a large tree, most shamefully mutilated and surrounded by the bodies of five dead savages. The cut and scarred bark of the tree and the trampled and bloody ground bore evidence of the resolute struggle in which he resigned his life. His body was brought to Fort Bedford and buried in the Calvinist and Lutheran grave-yard.

I might here mention that Thomas Woods, father of Judge Woods and Rebecca who married George Nixon, was a prominent packer at the time of which we speak. He owned trains of horses and had many men in his employ, whose business it was to transport all kinds of merchandise, even to salt and iron, in packs on these horses, from the east, principally Carlisle and Shippenstown, now Shippensburg, to the west as far as Fort DuQuesne. I am indebted to the venerable Alexander Davis, esquire, late of Yellow Creek, for the narrative of Henry's death and for other interesting incidents. Esquire Davis is great-grandson of Thomas Woods, being a son of Rebecca, daughter of George Nixon and Rebecca Woods, his wife. He is also the grandson of Thomas Davis of the firm of Lane and Davis who about one hundred years ago, started the furnace at Hopewell and the Lemnos iron works on Yellow Creek. There are old Franklin six-plate stoves still in existence in the town and county bearing their names.

We now come to a most interesting incident in the life of Judge Woods that few of the present generation have heard of. It has been a tradition among his descendants that he was captured while either on a surveying expedition, or while on a military duty in the northwestern part of the state, and his rescue has, by them, been accredited to the chief, Cornplanter. Such a capture and such a release did occur, but that there is a mistake as to the identity of the rescuing party is apparent from the following paper kindly sent me, several years since, by William C. Bryant, Esq., of Buffalo, N. Y., a gentleman well known in the circles of historical research and authorship, and the nephew of the author of "Thanatopsis." In the latter part of 1879 Mr. Bryant wrote, asking me for certain information as to the Woods family. How he had heard of me I could only account for on the supposition that he had seen a copy of Dr. Eagle's history of Pennsylvania, published in 1877, the chapter, in which, relating to Bedford county, I had written.

I preface the narrative with extracts from Mr. Bryant's letter as further explanatory of the narrative itself:

Buffalo, February 28, 1880.

Charles N. Hickok, Esq.

Dear Sir:—I beg to thank you for your very obliging letter relating to the Woods family.

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I have written out the narrative of which I made mention in my former letter, correcting the orthography and grammar, but without the least attempt to paraphrase or embellish it. The original MSS. is of even greater length and is quite prolix as well as broken and obscure in style. Although doubtless erroneous in many of its minor statements of fact, I do not doubt its truth in all essential particulars. The local tradition which ascribed the rescue to Cornplanter is grievously at fault. Hudson was unquestionably the hero of this incident. It was quite in keeping with the known character of the man and the traditions concerning him. Although a somewhat noted warrior, (the British bestowed the imaginary rank and dignity of "captain" upon leading war chiefs amond their red allies) he was also a **"Keeper-of-the-faith,"** and invested with the priestly character. The Iroquois, as you are aware, were never idolators, and in their religious faith as well as in other respects, were far in advance of all other members of the Indian family.

I send you one of the publications of our Historic Society, "Life of Orlando Allen," containing anecdotes of Cornplanter never before published. Among Mr. Allen's papers in my possession is a very interesting narrative of the late Horatio Jones,

who lived and was captured by the Indians at Bedford early in the Revolution. I am, dear sir,

Yours very respectfully,

W. C. BRYANT.

Story of Chief John Hudson as Related by the Late Governor Blacksnake

During the Revolutionary War Captain Hudson organized a war party at the Indian village of Caneadea for a predatory excursion or foray into the white settlements of Pennsylvania. The Senecas, as is well known, had espoused the cause of the King and were encouraged by their royal master to inflict as much injury and suffering as was possible on the comparatively defenceless inhabitants of the frontier. Fifty trained warriors composed the band. Arrived at "Frank's Creek," the party halted for a few days to hunt deer and dry and prepare venison, which, together with a scanty supply of parched maize, was their chief subsistence on such expeditions. Having obtained a sufficient supply of this requisite they again sought their canoes and paddled down the river. After making about nine miles they reached, just about twilight, a point in the river now known as the nine-miles-bend. Here as the evening shadows thickened, their attention was attracted by a glare of light in the bushes on the west side of the river. Captain Hudson directed the warriors who plied the paddles to guide the canoe in the direction of the light and arriving at the bank nearest the fire they discovered a party of about twenty-five Delaware Indians surrounding a white captive. The prisoner was a male, tied to a sapling, and the Indians were piling wood and brush around him to make his funeral pyre. Captain Hudson, who spoke the Delaware tongue, hailed the strangers and opened communication with their leader. The latter welcomed them as friends for the Delawares and Senecas had for many years past lived on terms of amity. It was a custom among the Indians where one war party, who had been so fortunate as to have secured captives from among the common enemy, chanced to meet another war party who had not been so favored, for the former to divide their prisoners with the latter. In case the successful party had taken but one prisoner it was considered a lofty act of courtesy to surrender him. The Delaware chief, recignizing this custom, voluntarily delivered the white captive to the Senecas on condition that the latter should finish the work which their arrival had interrupted. Captain Hudson bowed his acquiescence to this proposal, untied the trembling prisoner and told the Delawares that he preferred to postpone the ceremony of immolating the captive until the next day. Then with many expressions of friendship the Senecas embarked in their canoes and in the gloom of the evening silently pushed their way across the river. After landing Captain Hudson gathered his band around him and announced his determination to save the prisoner's life. The white man appeared from his air and dress to be either an officer or some person of distinction among his people. The Delawares had been led to infer that the Senecas were but retiring across the river to spend the night by their camp fire, and that in the morning they would be present at the sacrifice. To rescue

the captive under the circumstances was no easy task. Captain Hudson directed his warriors to build several fires near the bank of the river and whose glare would be visible to the Delawares on the opposite side. It was now ten o'clock at night, and after partaking of a silent meal around one of the camp-fires, Hudson instructed his warriors to take all the provisions, except a scanty supply for himself and the prisoner, and return in their canoes up the river, enjoining upon them not to suspend their flight during two suns after their departure. The journey lay toward their bark cabins in the Valley of the Genesee. Their expedition was abandoned without scalps or plunder, yet such was the influence of Hudson that they submitted to the disappointment without a murmur. The young warriors, after paddling industriously a few hours, landed on the northern bank of the river, concealed their canoes and footprints with the skill peculiar to the natives and then resolutely plunged into the woods, which was faintly illumined by the struggling beams of the moon. In the meantime Captain Hudson with the prisoner started southward through the woods and silently pursued their course till the moon had set and the first flush of morning crimsoned the east. Then they halted and partook of their morning repast—a little dried venison with water from a spring that bubbled at their feet. Hudson interrogated his companion, and despite his meagre knowledge of the English speech, learned that this was the third night since his capture which occurred at or near the mouth of Mahoning creek; that a severe engagement had been fought there between the Indians and whites; that the latter had been vanquished and cut to pieces, save a few who had escaped by swimming the creek, and this prisoner. Previous to this account the prisoner had communicated to Hudson the fact that his home was about sixty miles distant from Fort DuQuesne on the road leading to Philadelphia. The poor prisoner was faint and almost famished. He had eaten nothing for three days. After partaking of this scanty meal, Hudson advised him to lie down and sleep, which he gladly did, and both slept soundly until four o'clock in the afternoon. They both arose and pursued their journey all through the night and in safety, until they reached the borders of an extensive swamp, to traverse which occasioned much weariness and perplexity. They halted and ate sparingly of their diminished rations, and after few hours' rest pursued their journey. Their store of venison was nearly exhausted, and Captain Hudson's eye and ear were alert to catch some sign of the presence of furred or feathered game, but none appeared. A night journey through a savage country was attended with many perils. Starvation was the least of these. Every step might awaken the hiss of some venomous serpent; every breath from the morning forest might suddenly be drowned by the long drawn howl of a hungry pack of wolves. Dangers lurked on every side. The captive was ready to sink by the way, but his red companion assumed a cheerfulness that he did not wholly feel and encouraged him to toil onward. The third morning their provisions were entirely exhausted, and throughout the day as they halted to rest or plodded onward no glimpse or sound of game rewarded their vigilance. Still Hudson spoke hopefully and endeavored by smiles and words of cheer to revive the drooping spirit of his white companion. They slowly continued their

tramp through the greater part of the night, guided by the north star, and the next day chanced to find some thorn apples of which they gratefully partook. Death by starvation seemed imminent. Their only safety was to reach the abode of men without delay. The night overtook them, but they persisted in plodding forward. About 10 or 12 o'clock in the evening they heard the sound of an Indian whoop borne toward them from a distance in the front. Soon afterwards they detected a gleam of a fire a short distance in front and heard the confused hum of voices. At this point Captain Hudson requested his companion to remain in the shade while he proceeded to reconnoiter. Their straits were desperate and Hudson determined to appeal to the hospitality of their strange neighbors. In case they should prove hostile, and threaten his life or liberty Hudson said he would raise a warning cry to apprise his white friend of the danger. Cowering among the bushes the latter saw the form of his red friend swallowed in the darkness. He listened many weary minutes, but no sound came to announce the fate of Hudson. At length the sound of moccasined feet was heard and a form emerged out of the darkness. It was Hudson laden with provisions---jerked venison and bear's meat. The captive eagerly devoured the proffered food while listening to the Indian's narrative of his adventure. Hudson after leaving the white man fearlessly but cautiously approached the strange camp-fire and found a party of warriors engaged in the exciting war dance. The dancing was suspended when he approached, and with a gesture of amity, he announced himself a chief from the Genesee River Country, who, while on a hunting expedition, had become separated from his party and was almost famished with hunger. The strangers were a band of Delawares and Shawnese and they welcomed him to a seat by their camp fire. Strange to say, although unknown to him, they had heard of Hudson and his fame as warrior, and they greeted him as a friend and ally. They gave him food to eat and a supply to last him until he should rejoin his missing friends. With many expressions of thankfulness, Hudson, after partaking of their bounty, departed to rejoin his white companion, as has been related.

With revived strength, after partaking of their simple meal they resumed their journey, traveling as usual the whole night through. When morning dawned they laid them down to sleep. Hudson was the first to awaken, and to his joy he beheld, quietly grazing within convenient rifle range, a large buck. He raised his rifle, took careful aim and fired. The deer gave a single bound and fell. To dress the deer, build a fire and roast a saddle was the work of but a few moments. The remainder of the day was consumed in drying and smoking portions of the carcass for their journey. This done, they proceeded with renovated spirits. They were approaching a mountainous region and their progress began to grow tedious and painful. In consequence of the increasing obstacles which opposed their steps they were obliged to halt when evening came, and confine their journeying to daylight. They had subsistence enough for three or four days and were no longer fearful of perishing with hunger. When daylight came they found themselves involved in difficulties that seemed insurmountable. They had been ascending a low mountain range, and before them was a chaotic pile of rocks interspersed with hemlocks and

bordering a precipice of some thirty or forty feet of sheer descent. To retreat was discouraging—to advance impossible. Looking over the side of the precipice at a point not far distant, Hudson noted a tall, straight tree which grew on the bottom and elevated its giant trunk above their heads. Some of its branches nearly touched the brink of the precipice. With a gesture that betokened confidence and inspired emulation, Hudson ran to the edge of the precipice, sprang catlike into the tree and soon alighted safely on the ground. Encouraged by this example his companion followed him, and the two again stood side by side. Looking about him the captive remarked to his Indian friend that the natural features of the scene appeared not altogether strange to him. Some years ago he had accompanied his brother on a hunting expedition and his memory preserved a picture of just such a scene as that. They descended the mountain and surmounted another, the crest of which commanded a view of a wide range of country and the white man fancied again that the scene was not unfamiliar to him. A few steps farther and he became convinced that he was approaching a white settlement, and that his father's house was at no great distance. Soon after they met the recent tracks of cattle and other signs of the near presence of civilization. The joy of the white man was almost uncontrollable and the eyes of the Indian glistened in sympathy with the emotion. When they reached the foot of the hill it was conjectured that they were separated only the distance of a mile from the captive's residence. A few minutes' walk brought them to the edge of the clearing. A large orchard—the king's orchard evidently, the approach had been over the mountains from Morrison's Cove through the Dunning's creek section—several comfortable dwellings and outbuildings gave assurance of comfort and abundance. The Indian would proceed no farther. Motioning to his companion to sit by his side on a log near by he addressed him in solemn and earnest tones, as follows:—

"I have brought you, my prisoner, within sight of your home and within sound of the voices of your kindred. I deliver you now to those who love you and who have mourned for you as one slain in battle, but whose bloody corpse was hidden away from them. I deliver you here safely, thanks to the Great Spirit who has watched over us and protected us from the perils of the wilderness by night and by day, when every step led us into new dangers." Captain Hudson then took his captive by the hand and continued: "My white friend, my brother! I am about to leave you. You will never see my face again, but our hands are clasped in friendship, and neither of us, I trust, will forget the experiences of the past few days; and now I say to you, lay up your sword, your rifle and hatchet, let it never again be painted for war, or aimed in deadly hostility at the poor red men. Remember that an Indian saved your life, the life of an enemy, with difficulty and danger to his own,—rescued you from death at the stake. When you meet an Indian in the future feed him and treat him as a brother. Your friends, too, among the palefaces,—tell them this story, and exhort them to be kind to my people." While Captain Hudson held the captive's hand and spoke these words tears coursed down the cheeks of the white man. He fervently thanked his red friend and assured him that his words were indelibly graven on

his heart. With a clasp of the hand they parted, the white man to rush into the arms of his overjoyed family—the Indian to again bury himself in the woods and retrace the long and weary path that led to the cabins of his people at Caneadea.

It only remains for me to state that after the close of the war, Captain Hudson, who had proved so true a friend, came occasionally, once a year says tradition, by invitation of the judge, to visit him, and as we may well imagine, was always an honored and welcome guest. In fact the judge offered him a home here. It was told me by the old people of a third of a century ago, whose memories ran back to Revolutionary days that, let who might be Judge Woods' guests, the old Indian had the seat of honor at the table and the best guest chamber in the house. So if our Adam Carn should chance to hear at any time Indian war whoops about the "wee sma' hours," in his domicile, he may have a theory about the matter.

We will next speak of the ancient taverns of Bedford, and this subject will cover the space of time from 1765 to about 1825.

My audience must not be surprised at their number. They were necessities as the times were. The present generation has no conception of the amount of travel by this route, from the days of the packer's path and next, the state road, until 1819, when the turnpike was finished, and from then until the Baltimore and Ohio and the Pennsylvania Central railroads were completed. The older members of my audience will not doubt my word when I say that on one drive, in 1846, to Bloody Run, now Everett, I counted on the way eighty-four large four and six-horse Conestoga wagons, besides smaller wagons, carriages, gigs, horsemen, and cattle and sheep droves, that were beyond numbering in passing by; and it was not an exceptional day. From eight to sixteen four-horse coaches ran daily in either direction, with relays at successive stages of about ten miles, always laden with passengers and baggage, and having postillions, with two extra horses, at certain stations to assist in making the mountain ascents. Almost every third house on the road, excepting in the towns, was a tavern, and was filled to repletion each night and at meal time. The wagons carried their beds or mattresses with them, rolled up and strapped

during the day, and spread them out, on the bar-room floors, at night. Other transient guests had ample accommodations on the universal feather or straw beds. And you should have seen the meals, and partaken of them too, for that matter! They hadn't much silverware, nor monogramed napkins, nor more tooth-picks than provender, but old Epicurus' mouth would have watered had he beheld the fare, that wasn't on a bill, but on the table, till the table could hold no more; chickens and waffles, turkey and duck, juicy venison—all cooked over the open fire on the broad hearth—light-cakes and light-bread; coffee that would make Arbuckle and his compeers of modern days, die for shame, and cream; there were no hydrants in those days; but this is cruel! my audience are looking ravenous, and this is Lent, and Friday at that! The modes of travel then were exceedingly pleasant. Magnify railway speed and convenience, as you will, my heart goes back to school and college days, when it was a wonderful luxury to mount the coach box beside the Jehu—a greater man by far in my boyish estimation, than the president—and admire his skillful reining of his fiery steeds; the snapping, with the twelve-foot lash, of the flies from the glossy hides of his leaders, without the ruffling of a hair; the weird winding of his mellow horn, waking the echoes in the shady woods, or reverberating on the midnight air o'er the rocks and through the mountain gorges; the answering back of some other coachman's horn somewhere among the hills, then the approaching lights, now in view, now disappearing, then again dancing on the sight; then the meeting, the drivers' greetings, and their hearty goodnight as they passed and vanished on the eye and ear in the murky distance.

And then the inside, where travellers met, strangers, and parted friends; the chats; the instructive conversations; the narratives—I'll give you one of them soon—the golden words of counsel from some sage and venerable man; the laughable incidents; the merry song; the love, at first sight, of some charming face that smiled on one just long enough to make him a crack-brain for a week, or perchance a month to come, according to the constitution of the individual; the joke; the song; the up-mountain walks to relax the cramped

limbs; the everything, almost, that was cheery, genial and pleasant. Talk of your railroads! I'll tell you my friends, that if I could turn time's cycle back to the good old days of fifty years ago, and let you see Bedford, then and now, side by side, and give you your choice between the two, I mistake me much if, despite the slow coach sneer of the devotee of the present era, and its fast ways, you would not choose Bedford of "ye olden time," with her solid comfort; her generous hospitality; her genuine personnel; her staid, sure business habits; and let this fast, unsentimental, ultra utilitarian period blow its shrieking whistles that some court-skinned wretch has likened to a lawyer's scream when his satanic majesty first gets hold of him—and run its iron horse, upon its iron track, and thank the good Providence who had turned that track in some other direction.

I am aware that this is old fogyism. So are many of the good old ways. The simple belief in the bible, with its "thus saith the Lord," is also, old fogyish; and the simple faith of our fathers, that led them to church to praise and pray, not to cavil; that believed God and took Him at His word, is "old fogy." Sentiment, however elevating, refining, and conducive of love to God, the fellow man and the native land is esteemed "old-fogy." The hard matter-of-fact, "pound-of-flesh" *regime* has followed in the wake of much that is real advancement, and too often the practical, if not the acknowledged motto is—"every man for himself and the devil" (if this iconoclastic age allows us an old-fogy devil) "take the hindmost." But excuse me! I believe I was talking about old taverns. I hope you won't think I have been in one this evening.

The first houses of entertainment we have any authentic account of were the Frazer, Funk and Nawgel taverns. They may have been here as early as 1755, as was the one where William Kiser now lives. Beginning at the west of town and taking them in local, though not chronological succession, we come to the house (late Sproat's in Boydstown) that was built about 1810, as a residence, by Rev. Alexander Boyd, then pastor of the Presbyterian congregation. On the departure of Mr. Boyd in 1817, or soon thereafter, his home was used for many years as an inn. The

late Samuel Vondersmith kept it from 1819, the year the turnpike was completed, till 1829.

The next tavern east was the "Cross Keys," early at least as 1780, in the log, frame and brick building now owned by Mrs. Cromwell, on the south side of West Pitt street near the bridge. In the second story of this building, from a very early day until the anti-masonic persecutions, about 1826-27, was the "Free Masons'" hall, of which General St. Clair, Dr. Anderson, Jacob Fletcher, Terrence Campbell, David Espy and others were members. It is no cause of reproach to that ancient and honoroble institution of charity and fraternity, that in early days, even before our country had existence, and before the provincial had yielded to the state and national governments, the best blood and the most unimpeachable of our primitive local citizenship were enlisted in its humanizing work; and, that Washington, LaFayette, St. Clair and a host of others of like character were not only its patrons and friends, but active participants in its transactions. It seems a logical inference that they could not have espoused it or have remained in it, had its teachings and practices been other than such as became honorable and pure-minded gentlemen. Coming east from the "Cross Keys," the next tavern was that of Thomas Rea, a rough cast house next to Brice's. Then was Brice's, of three long generations; then the Dean, afterward Daniel Shuck tavern in the old Hugh Barclay house, corner of Pitt and Thomas streets, where has since been erected the residence, now Mrs. George Shuck's. Further up, on the opposite side came the Nawgle and, next, the Funk taverns, still standing; then, of later date, Young, now the Union House, (Steckman's). Next was the "Washington," a stone house on the site of the present Washington owned in the last century, or early in this, by Humphrey Dillon, father of the late Mrs. Taliaferro and Mrs. V. B. Tate. This, as before stated, was burned in 1839, and rebuilt in 1841. Then there was the "Rising Sun," the old fort house —kept from about 1785 to 1853 by Henry Wertz, David Mann, Thomas Moore and others. Thomas Moore, the senior David Mann and Job Mann were brothers-in-law, they being married to three sisters, the Misses Farquhar,

who with their parents removed here at an early day from Frederick, Md. It is said that the Boquet House was for a time, at an early day, kept as an inn, but I can find no authentic confirmation of such being the case. The Bedford House—Hafer's—was kept in 1805 by Robert Spencer as the "Procter House;" afterward by William Reynolds until 1846, as the "Bedford." It was here, as I mentioned in my former lecture, that Colonel Powell of Virginia died in 1810. Then we come to the "Exchange," now Odd Fellows' Hall, built, and kept in 1814, by John Schell, brother of the late Judge Peter Schell of Schellsburg, and uncle of John P. Reed, Esq., Mrs. John G. Minnich and Mrs. Dr. Marbourg, of Bedford. Mr. Schell, owing to the depreciation in goods and property after the war of 1812, failed (he also had a store in the corner room of his hotel) in business and after the loss of his property found himself still deeply involved, and proved himself "an honest man, the noblest work of God," by spending the remainder of his days, until he was an old man, traveling through the southern states, where he was always welcomed at the planters' houses, tuning pianos (he was a fine pianist) until dollar by dollar, he had paid his last liability, principal and interest, and laid him down in an honored grave, just after his noble life-work was done. Next came the house kept by one Culbertson in 1805. That was the Oppenheimer building burned four or five years since. Then the Anderson house, now Kiser's, kept in 1805 by Elijah Adams. Then the James Taylor tavern, late the Judge Taylor homestead. Then the old log house opposite, where John G. Fisher's house now stands. For many years the Judge Procter residence, that became Dr. John Anderson's property, now G. M. Anderson's, was kept as a tavern, by James Johnson, Daniel Crouse, Sr., and others. Finally in about 1850 the late Dr. George Woods Anderson remodeled it and ever since it has been the residence of his family.

Besides the sixteen houses above mentioned there were on Juliana street, the two others, incidentally referred to in last lecture, the Clark or Keeffe house, now John P. Reed's residence, and the Bonnett House, now Purcell's.

Before speaking of these further I wish, in passing, to

refer to the peculiar names of our streets which have often occasioned remark from strangers. They were the names of Governor Penn's family; this is the explanation. Jacob Bonnett, Esq., owner of the tavern last referred to, was father of the late Mrs. Camilla Barclay, who was the wife of Dr. Francis B. Barclay and mother of Mr. William W. Barclay and his sisters, still resident here, and of John J. Barclay, Esq., of Newport, and Richard DeCharmes Barclay, Esq., of Philadelphia. Mr. Bonnett and his family, excepting Mrs. Barclay, are buried in the Reformed church yard. He was one of the early prothonotaries of the county. He was somewhat eccentric, very kind to the poor, of wonderful humor, a good deal of a wag, and many are the jests and witticisms accredited to him. He was moreover sensitively honest and honorable. Two or three instances related of him will illustrate his character in these respects. For many years he was Justice of the Peace. Whenever he would make collection of a claim for any one, it was his habit at once to go to the front of his office, to see if perchance the party to whom the money was due might not be in sight, and he was not satisfied until the collection was paid over. When his hotel burned in 1826, his fellow citizens quietly made a subscription to show their sympathy and assist to make good his loss and when, a day or two after the fire, the committee having the matter in charge went to him to hand him the subscription list and the money contributed he looked over the names on the paper and at once exclaimed, "Why, no! I'll not touch a cent of this. Why many of these are poor, far poorer than I am, and they giving to me? Take it back to them. I thank you all for your good feeling, but I'll not have it." When further pressed to accept it, he said, "No, I'll have none of it. I can rebuild and have plenty left." One morning after a deep fall of snow, one of his neighbors good naturedly berated him for not having his pavement cleared of "the beautiful." His reply was, "The Lord gave and the Lord will take away." 'Squire Bonnett was a man of extraordinary bodily strength. He was an expert at quoits; heaving the shoulder stone; throwing the ax, and other manly games which were the then common amusements of the men

and boys, on summer evenings in the soddy square. Croquet was a thing of the inscrutable future, in that olden time. I can't say what opinion our athlete forefathers would have expressed in regard to our "ecclesiastical grass billiards," but I can imagine. It was related of 'Squire Bonnett that on one occasion, after having excelled all present at "throwing the ax," he accepted a challenge to throw it over the old court house. He not only threw it over the building into the jail yard, but sent it whirling in its course so high that the blade of it struck and split open one of the copper balls that marked the points of the compass on the spire, some sixty or seventy feet from the ground. My authority for this statement was the late John Mower, Esq.

Before proceeding further with personal reminiscences of the citizens of the earlier part of this century, it will be best at this point to turn our attention to what is considered *the* notable event in Bedford's annals; the visit of President Washington and his distinguished party during the "whiskey insurrection" in 1794.

Other presidents and distinguished men have tarried here—Polk, Buchanan, Taylor, John C. Calhoun and many others—and even a king, Louis Phillippe, of France, has visited us; but never, before or since, has there been so august a company in Bedford's mountain-girt valley as that of October, 1794.

To refer to the insurrection here is needless, even did time permit. It is a matter of state history that is accessible to all. It may be best, however, that I may make the cause of their coming clear to the younger portion of my audience, to say that it was in the interests of law and order and in repression of rebellion and mob violence; not in Bedford, but in the southwestern counties; and the reason that Washington proceeded personally no farther west than Bedford but delegated his official power to treat with the insurgents—returning himself with the members of his cabinet to Philadelphia, then the seat of government—to Gov. Henry Lee of Virginia, the commander-in-chief of the accompanying army, was because delegates from the rebellious party met him on his way to inform him that they were ready to relinquish their resistance to authority and yield obedience to

the laws. General Lee, therefore, in accordance with this agreement, went with his forces to Uniontown, where terms of capitulation were adjusted.

The army accompanying or rather preceding the presidential party was made up, according to Dr. Egle's history of Pennsylvania, a most reliable authority, as follows:

	Infantry.	Cavalry.	Artillery.	Total.
Pennsylvania	4,500	500	200	5,200
New Jersey	1,500	500	100	2,100
Maryland	2,000	200	150	2,350
Virginia	3,000	300	.....	3,300
	11,000	1,500	450	12,950

Of this army, as before mentioned, Gen. Henry Lee, governor of Virginia—Lighthorse Harry of the American Revolution and father of the late Confederate general, Robert E. Lee—was placed in command. Gov. Thomas Mifflin, of Pennsylvania; Governor Richard Howell, of New Jersey; Gov. Thomas S. Lee, of Maryland, and Gen. Daniel Morgan, of Virginia, commanded the volunteers from the several states.

"The president, accompanied by Gen. Henry Knox, secretary of war; Gen. Alexander Hamilton, secretary of the treasury"—afterward slain in a duel by Aaron Burr—"and Judge Richard Peters, of the United States district court, set out from Philadelphia for Western Pennsylvania on the first of October. On Friday His Excellence reached Harrisburg, and on the day following, Carlisle, where the main body of the army had preceded him."

"The president left Carlisle on the 11th of October, reaching Chambersburg on the same day; Williamsport on the 13th and Fort Cumberland on the 14th, where he reviewed the left wing of the army, consisting of the Virginia and Maryland volunteers. On the 19th he arrived at Bedford, where he remained two or three days, then returned to the capital, which he reached on the 28th."

The troops of the left wing of the army at Cumberland numbered therefore 5,560. The right division at Bedford consisted of infantry, 6,000; cavalry, 1,000, and artillery, 300; in all, 7,300 men. These were encamped, some on the

Colonel Davidson farm in the west end, some on the Barclay farm, south of John street, and the rest on the Hartley farm at Mt. Dallas. It is not probable that Governor Lee of Maryland or General Morgan of Virginia were with Washington here, as they were in command of the left wing of the army, consisting of the troops of their respective states, at Fort Cumberland.

While here Washington was the guest of David Espy, Esq., at his house, now John A. Mowry's. His headquarters were in the large front room in the second story, and he slept in the room immediately in the rear thereof. The Anderson family have still in their possession the table he wrote at, the large chair he sat on and a quilt under which he slept.

I may mention, in passing, that Gen. Arthur St. Clair occupied part of the same house, as the prothonotary's office, in 1771.

Gen. Harry Lee was the guest of Capt. Hugh Barclay, grandfather of the present Barclay family, at his home that stood where Mrs. George Shuck's house now stands, corner of Thomas and Pitt streets. He held the rank of captain as quartermaster in the War of the Revolution and also did commissary duty under General Knox when secretary of war. He was at Valley Forge, during 1776. He was one of the earliest postmasters of the town and filled various other offices of public trust. At the time of the insurrection he was building, 1791-94, his new stone house, now Mrs. Bell Smith's, "Poplar Grove," and moved into it in 1795 and lived there until his death in 1810. His family afterwards bought and removed to the property on Penn and Thomas streets known to this generation as the Vondersmith property, now owned by John Lutz, Esq., the McColloh estate and Simon Ling. They bought it of Dr. John Anderson.

The old inhabitants, of forty years ago, who were contemporaneous with the times we speak of, said that, during the stay of the president and his army, not only the public houses, but also the private ones were filled with guests. On his return Washington and his associates tarried at the Hartley house at Mt. Dallas one night. The late Mrs. Watson, wife of the first William Watson, M. D., who was Miss Eliza Hartley, well remembered his visit, as also, some years

later, that of Aaron Burr and his beautiful daughter, the lovely, but ill-fated Theodosia, and of Louis Phillippe, the exiled king of the French.

While speaking of Mt. Dallas, we are reminded by her association with it, of one of the most distinguished ladies whose names are connected with our early local history. I refer to Mrs. Susan Simpson, mother of the late William Hartley of Mt. Dallas, and of the elder Mrs. Watson, a few moments ago mentioned. She died forty years ago at the age of eighty-five years. She was a native of England as was also her first husband, William Hartley. She was married at an early age. Mr. Hartley, determining to regain elsewhere some pecuniary losses he had met in London, she accompanied him to France in 1783, leaving with her relatives in London a daughter of two years, until such time as when fixed in their new home, wherever that might be, they could send for her. As it happened the child remained and grew to womanhood with her English relatives and became the wife of the Rev. Dr. Harrison, of London, and the mother of Rev. Dr. William Harrison, no less distinguished in the Church of England than his father, and of the late Edward Harrison, known to many of us.

While in Paris, Mr. and Mrs. Hartley formed the acquaintance of the commissioners of the American colonies and, through their persuasion, decided, what they had not yet determined upon, to make America their objective point. By invitation of these gentlemen, or of Commodore Barron, who commanded the ship, the "Hydler Ali," if I am not mistaken, that brought over the final treaty of Paris, they came with that officer, and landed in Philadelphia the same year. During her voyage on the ocean, Mrs. Hartley gave birth to a son, the William Hartley of Mt. Dallas above referred to, father of our fellow townsmen, John G. and William Hartley.

From Philadelphia Mr. and Mrs. Hartley came to the farm just east of Dunning's mountain gap, on the south side of the Raystown branch, and there he built a dam, the remains of which are still visible in the curve of the river at the Jamison house, and an oil (linseed) mill. Finally they removed to Mt. Dallas to the farm which has been in the

family ever since and is now the property of the third William Hartley.

Mrs. Hartley was finely educated and accomplished, and of more than ordinary beauty. The Indians spoke of her as the beautiful white squaw, and some of the chiefs, it was said, seriously made, after their fashion, offers to purchase her from her husband. Her third child, who became the Mrs. Watson above referred to, and the mother of the late Dr. William H. Watson, Mrs. Judge King, Mrs. Espy L. Anderson, Mrs. Edward Harrison, Mrs. George Smith, Mrs. John P. O'Neill and Mrs. Brashear, and also of the late Major John and Percival Watson, was born at Mt. Dallas.

Her husband dying at an early day, Mrs. Hartley a few years thereafter married Captain Graham, of the British army, by whom she had a son, the late Hon. John Graham, of Ohio, and a daughter, the late Mrs. Van Lear, of Maryland. Captain Graham died soon after the birth of his daughter. In 1808, her son William Hartley being of competent age to manage the estate—it was much more extensive than the present Mt. Dallas farm—she was married to Gen. Michael Simpson, a distinguished citizen of Harrisburg and of the state, and at his death, some ten years thereafter, she returned to Bedford county and spent her latter days with her son at Mt. Dallas and her daughter at Bedford.

Mrs. Simpson was a fine conversationalist and ready at repartee, which her intimacy with the society of the early governmental circles—more select and courtly than in later days—had the tendency to develop. I have alluded to these personal peculiarities that a characteristic anecdote related of her may be better understood.

Mr. Dallas, of Philadelphia—the father of the late vice president, George M. Dallas—who had been Secretary of the Commonwealth during Governor Mifflin's administration, had purchased a tract of land in Bedford county, of which the high mountain point known as Mt. Dallas, was a part. As we all know, this mountain is in near view from the Hartley homestead and is a conspicuous figure in a very charming landscape. In those days such an investment was not, however, with all its æsthetic advantages considered a sharp business transaction. Mr. Dallas having never seen

his land, took a notion, some years after its purchase, to look at it, and accordingly rode on horseback from Philadelphia for that purpose and arrived at Hartley's one evening after nightfall. He did not make himself known, but Mrs. Simpson, who had seen him in earlier years, knew him at once, but gave no sign of recognition. Mr. Dallas had a magisterial, stately mannerism that amounted almost to ostentation. He was opinionated and, though really a great man, and so regarded, his evident self-consciousness sometimes proved annoying. He was just the party that Mrs. Simpson—as Dame Partington would have expressed it—"held in utter excrescence." But to my story. The morning after his arrival Mr. Dallas walked out, before breakfast, upon the front porch, and observing an elderly lady standing there looking out over the landscape, he commenced a conversation with her, asking her question after question in that patronizing style so offensive to well bred people. Finally he added "the last straw that broke the camel's back" and exhausted the old lady's patience. In affected ignorance he asked, "can you tell me, madam, the name of that beautiful mountain knob across the river, and to whom it belongs?" "Yes," she replied, with apparent innocence, "that property was bought some years ago by an old idiot in Philadelphia, who has more money than brains and it is named after him, Mt. Dallas." She continued gazing serenely over the beautiful valley and mountain, while Mr. Dallas went in to his breakfast, which he no doubt enjoyed. The reminiscences of all the earlier inhabitants, their characteristics and peculiarities, as I have heard them, would make a volume. We must be contented with a few. I am just here reminded that in my first lecture I made a mistake. I spoke of Gen. John Piper of Yellow Creek Valley, the member of the Constitutional Convention of 1790, as a "remarkable athlete." It was his son, Gen. William Piper, who was the member of the Pennsylvania Legislature in 1818, and performed the athletic feat spoken of, and many others as wonderful. Incorporated in this narrative will also be mention of some houses that we have overlooked in their legitimate places.

Hon. Alexander Thomson, successor of Judge James Riddle, father of Frank Thomson of the Pennsylvania Rail-

road Company, and uncle of the late Vice President Hendricks, studied law here in 1814-15 with Samuel Riddle, Esq., builder of the Riddle mansion, now the Barton House. He—Thomson—afterward, while in legal practice here built the brick house on Penn street, now the property of the Misses Watson. Judge Thomson's career as a lawyer, a Congressman and jurist, was an illustrious one. He was just as the blind goddess at whose altar he ministered; conscientious to the last degree; and, withal, so pitiful and kind that his sorest trial was to pronounce sentence upon the guilty. He was a God-fearing, God-loving man. I knew him well. In my boyhood it was my good fortune to be in his Sunday school class for two years in Chambersburg. He is mentioned by Rev. Dr. Sample in his "Historical Sketch," as one of the active members of the early Presbyterian church in Bedford. His first wife, Abby Irvine, lies in the old south graveyard. His second wife was Jane, daughter of General Graham of Stoyestown, Somerset county. Speaking of Samuel Riddle's house reminds me that I omitted to mention how it was supplied with water. William Krichbaum, who was born in 1768, and died in 1863, was a famous maker of pumps and wooden water pipes. He bored and laid the pine logs that conducted the water from the spring that supplies the Anderson farm house, this side the stone mill, north through Juliana street to the court house corner, and thence to Riddle's at Penn and Richard. These were the first water-works.

Krichbaum afterward made and laid the pipe from the Gravel Hill reservoir. Once these pipes became obstructed and, for a time, no ingenuity could discover the cause. Finally, after much patient digging, Krichbaum found the obstruction at Larry Harmon's corner, where was recently built the gymnasium. Larry Harmon was a noted blacksmith in his day, and while peaceable generally and an orderly citizen, he was a dangerous man to trifle with. He could strike a blow with his fist that would fell an ox, and more than one professional bully on the yearly muster day, has come to grief by picking a quarrel with Larry Harmon.

If I had the time I would like to describe to the young people the "muster or training days," now obsolete. The

theme would furnish volumes of amusement. The boys now-a-days don't know what fun is, as compared to that which their sires and grandsires enjoyed.

The stop in the pipes we spoke of occurred in this way. The fibrous root of a locust tree had found its way through a small worm hole, into the bore of the log pipe, and grew and spread there, fed by the running water, until like the fabled camel that with great apparent humility and modesty, thrust its nose into a tailor shop, it did not take long for this root to fill the entire pipe and make the flow of water impossible, and yet old Father Krichbaum in 1854, when the first iron pipes were laid indignantly pronounced "tese new fangled tings nix goot." Krichbaum, when ninety-two years of age, could, by his own strength and skill, lift the heavy pump stocks in sections out of the deepest wells in town, many of which are now covered over under the pavements and elsewhere. Even after his ninetieth year he would start with his huge log-chain and other implements of his trade on his shoulder, and walk long distances into the country to adjust some disorderly pump, and considered it a matter of course. While he was never known, as the phrase goes, "to be in liquor," for he was a steady, orderly, industrious citizen, the liquor was always in him. He habitually took his three drinks of whiskey a day, and he attributed his great strength, all his long life of 95 years, to this "goot creatur," that was "poth meat and trink." Shall we score one for John Barleycorn?

There was in Bedford at an early day the firm of McDermot & Dunlop. They dealt in iron and also carried on general blacksmithing. Mr. McDermot afterward kept the Caledonia House at the Black Spring, one mile south of the Bedford Springs, since gone to decay. Here was born his daughter, who afterward became the wife of David R. Porter, Governor of Pennsylvania from 1838 to 1845. She was the mother of Gen. Horace Porter, whose name has been so much associated with that of General Grant, on his staff and as private secretary at the White House. Mrs. Porter was a lovely character, esteemed for her excellent sense, as well as for her gentle, unostentatious piety.

In the same Caledonia House were born, about sixty

years ago, twin sons of the then proprietor, Mr. Appleton, both of whom are now distinguished ministers, in Philadelphia, of the Episcopal church. Judge Jonathan Walker built a two-story log house that stood until the late William Shuck removed it, where Dexter White's restaurant now stands. Robert J. Walker, his son, who became Secretary of the Treasury under President Pierce, United States Senator from Mississippi, and Governor of the territory of Kansas under President Buchanan, was born here. Judge Walker subsequently built the east end, first and second stories of what is the Union Hotel, and here Robert J. was brought up. Judge Walker was six feet four inches in height. His wife was Miss Duncan of Carlisle.

Where is now Thomas Lynch's house stood until about 1840 a long one-story frame building. It was used for law and other offices. One of them was occupied by Jacob Fletcher, Justice of the Peace. I mentioned him in my last as an inveterate fisherman, and, in the earlier part of this paper, as a member of the old Masonic lodge. He was a somewhat eccentric character; jovial, good-natured, could "upset" his man at a boxing match and was altogether a quaint specimen of the *genus homo*. He had but one expletive—"Dem my old shoes!" Excuse me, ladies, the orthography of the word is d-e-m. I mention it to illustrate, in my old hero, the force of habit. In his latter years 'Squire Fletcher became a religious and, everybody believed, a good man. Of course he still went fishing; so did Simon Peter; but we never read that Simon Peter, while waiting for a nibble, would say "dem my old shoes, why don't you bite?" The poor old 'Squire, in his abstraction and second childhood, sometimes did just this; and when recalled to himself by the sound of his own voice, or if told of it by some urchin who perchance overheard his words, he would weep for very sorrow. Who shall say his tears were not as effective as were those of Simon Peter in obliterating his sin?

John Lyon, Esq., the brother of Mrs. James M. Russell and nephew of Mrs. Anderson, wife of the "Rollicking Tom" we spoke of in our last lecture, was a prominent lawyer here in the early part of this century. He died in 1814, and is buried beside his aunt and her husband.

Dr. John Hofius, father of the late David H. Hofius, one of the most brilliant young lawyers at the Bedford bar, forty years ago, lies in the Reformed churchyard. He was a Prussian by birth and education. He came to Bedford at an early day. He built the house now owned by Mrs. Harry, and had in it a drug store. He was postmaster for several years. He was a gentleman of the "old school," courteous, formal and punctilious in matters of etiquette. He was notably particular, not only as to the properties of speech and behavior toward his general acquaintances, but was especially scrupulous that no word or act of his should be a bad example to his children.

The postage system in his time was not as it is now. There were no stamps, and the postage could be paid by either the sender or the receiver. If prepaid, the letters were so marked; if not, the receiver paid the amount stamped on them. Moreover the rates were much higher than now and were in proportion to the number of sheets and the distance sent. One day a man inquired at the office for a letter. The doctor looked and found one for him, "postage twenty-five cents, unpaid." The man demurred at the price and asked if something less would not answer. The doctor explained that the price was fixed by the government and that he was responsible to the department for just the amount on the letter, and he could take no less. In those days the prices did not range in fives and tens, as now, but were graded, "six and a quarter; twelve and a half; twenty-five; thirty-one and a quarter cents," and so on; or what was the same as "fips, levies, quarters, etc." After annoying the doctor for a considerable time, the man went out. Soon he returned and offered a "levy," just half price for the letter. The doctor's patience was sorely tried, but his decorous habit enabled him, rather curtly however, to say "no!" The man again went out without the letter, but soon returned. In the meantime the doctor's three boys had returned from school, and, with several other persons, were standing in the office. The letter dealer went up to the delivery window and said, "I tell you now what I'll do, I'll give you a levy and a fip for that letter and I won't give you another cent." The doctor's temper was instantly at boiling heat, and he fairly screamed

out, in his broken English, "Chon! Tave! Pill! quick, run te schtore out, vile your daddy schwears!" and before the boys could get near the door, he let loose such an avalanche of German invectives as proved his early education in *belles lettres* had not been neglected.

Among the men of marked individuality belonging to the early periods within the scope of my lecture, were Dr. John Anderson and Dr. William Watson, the eldest. You know there were three Doctors William Watson, father, son and grandson. Dr. Anderson commenced practice in the last century. His field of practice reached some sixty miles either way but chiefly to the west and north. He was obliged to make his professional visits on horseback; to go armed for fear of Indians and wild beasts; and oftentimes he was obliged to carry a lighted fagot or a lantern, as a protection against the wolves. He relinquished medicine at an early day and turned his attention to his large landed estates. He was also at one time Prothonotary of the county and was president of the Allegheny Bank of Bedford. He was bodily a man of large size. He was public spirited, charitable and influential. Dr. Watson came to Bedford in 1805 I think, and was celebrated far and near as a physician. It was a common occurrence for parties to come from the extreme southern states to the Springs, to be under his treatment. He was almost a giant in physique, being six feet four inches in height, and weighing three hundred and forty pounds. He was, notwithstanding his weight, active, spending much of his time on horseback and was said to be one of the lightest dancers among the habitues at the Springs. The father of James G. Blaine was a student of his, as also was Dr. Francis B. Barclay, who was contemporaneous with a later period, but who died before the days of the present generation. Dr. Barclay was no less distinguished as a physician, and especially as a surgeon, than his preceptor. Dr. Barclay often concealed a sympathetic heart under a brusque demeanor, especially when performing some intricate surgical operation, but it was only a mask to hide his own feelings of pity. He was a great reader of history and was also an extensive and appreciative reader of the poets and of standard romance. The works of Sir Walter

Scott, both prose and verse, and of Tom Moore had special charms for him. He had a wonderful memory. The "Lay of the Last Minstrel" and "Lallah Rookh" he could repeat by the hour. He was one of my first Bedford friends, and he *was* a friend; entertaining and instructive in conversation, and true as steel in action; too manly to flatter; too proud to say behind one's back what he felt a duty to say to one's face. I knew him but a few years. He died soon after I came here, but not too soon for me to warmly esteem him and to give me a life-long pleasure in having known such a man as Francis B. Barclay.

Another old citizen who passed away at a ripe old age some sixty years ago is worthy of mention. It was Mr. Reimund the father of Solomon and Henry Reimund, deceased, and of our townsman, George Reimund. His business was the making of spinning wheels and, ninety years ago he had his hands full, for then the wheel was a necessity in almost every household. I wonder what the old man, if he could revisit the scenes of his active life, would think of the æsthetic craze that makes his handiwork the prided ornament in the parlors of many who don't know the difference between a spinning wheel and a wheel barrow. Father Reimund, as he was called, was a quiet unobtrusive, good old man, whom everybody respected. Partly contemporaneous with Mr. Reimund, but of a later period, was William Stahl who came here from Bavaria in 1820, and carried on cabinet making and undertaking for more than forty years. Like Father Reimund, he was a man of simple honesty and modest piety. For many years it was not considered orthodox for anyone within a reasonable radius of Bedford to be laid in any other coffin than that of "Pap" Stahl's make. He was a good singer in his day and the country people would almost as soon have dispensed with the parson's services at a funeral as to have foregone the quaint psalmody of "Father" Stahl. The only member of Mr. Stahl's family still living with us is Mrs. Peter H. Shires. Mr. Stahl was an officer in the old-time German Reformed church, as Father Reimund was in the Lutheran, and they were such without guile or reproach.

Hon. David Mann was appointed Prothonotary in 1809,

by Governor Snyder and re-appointed by Governor Findlay, serving twelve years. He was State Senator in 1821, and Auditor General under Governor Shultz from 1824 to 1827. He was over eighty years of age when he died. Hon. Job Mann, nephew and brother-in-law of the above, was Prothonotary twelve years, State Treasurer of Pennsylvania and member of Congress.

Hon. James M. Russell, father of Hon. Samuel L., was a member of Congress and of the Constitutional Convention of '37-'38. He was a ripe scholar, an able lawyer, practicing at the Bedford bar for about fifty years. He was a dignified, courteous gentleman, kind and benevolent. He had moreover a good deal of dry humor and fine conversational powers. The late Judge Jeremiah S. Black was warmly attached to him. An instance of his humor occurs to me. When eighty-four years of age and confined, an invalid, to his easy chair in his room overlooking the public square, the following took place: Flocks of geese used to frequent the square, more in former years than now, to feed on the grass and, on court week—for geese have powers of observation and make deductions like other mortals—to pick up the apple cores they had learned from experience were abundant at the "Quarter Sessions." Mr. Russell one day observed from his window where he was sitting, an old gray "Rome-saver" picking up fragments of apples on the court house pavement and saw him going up, step by step, gathering the *debris* as he went, until finally, in his search, he passed in through the open court house door and out of sight. Mr. Russell smiled and in an abstracted, musing way remarked *impromptu*:—

> "A goose goes in the court house door,
> Where many a goose has gone before."

Hon. Samuel M. Barclay was a leading lawyer and State Senator.

John A. Blodget, Esq., a descendant of Rev. Dr. Smith, before mentioned, was a successful lawyer here for many years. He was a gentleman of fine literary tastes and an accomplished *belles lettres* scholar.

Hon. Alexander King, who died while judge of this district, was State Senator in 1842-'43.

There are many others I could mention, with anecdote and reminiscence, such as Christopher Reily, the three odd Funk bachelor brothers, Daniel Shuck, Sr., Lyberger and so on, but we haven't the time.

I have in recollection two others of the personal landmarks of old-time Bedford, so exceptional in their individuality that we can hardly ignore them, even on a plea of haste, and their story, I trust, will be none the less interesting to my audience because they were black men of the darkest shade. They were slaves when it was lawful to hold human beings as chattels in Pennsylvania.

Moses Brown, or, as he was familiarly known, "Uncle Mosey," was a servant of Dr. John Anderson, and had grown to manhood when the late Dr. George W. Anderson, Col. Espy L. Anderson and John Mower, Esq., were in their babyhood, well on to eighty years ago. He was a Hercules in strength; tall and of heavy, sinewy frame; good natured, but respecting himself and, as a result, respected by others. It is related that on one occasion, in his early manhood, when wagoning on the old state road for his master, he stopped his team by the roadside during the heat of the day and lay down under a tree for a nap. Presently several other teamsters, who did not know him, came along, and supposing him to be drunk, one of them said, "See me wake that nigger up," at the same time giving him a cruel cut with his whip that did wake the sleeping giant but ended in his assailant and his associates receiving a thorough punishment. Once, while in the woods, looking after cattle, a five-pronged deer ran across his way. Quick as thought he sprang upon him, threw him to the earth and holding him down with his knee and one hand, he took his knife from his pocket with the other hand and, opening it with his teeth, slew him and then carried him on his shoulder to the doctor's house. Many similar feats of strength are related of him. In the early boyhood of Mr. Mower and the two Anderson boys, the old doctor, then a widower, lived in the Riddle (Barton) house, and he had a strong liking for the little John, aiding him in many ways, as he was poor, and, liking his influence on his sons, he arranged that he should spend his evenings with them. Thus the trio studied their

lessons and played together, and when the evening's study and play were over, the doctor would always send Mosey home with John to his mother. Mr. Mower has told me that even when he was getting to be a large boy, ten or twelve years of age, on snowy nights Mosey would pick him up, set his astride of his shoulders and thus carry him home. John and George were especial friends, Espy being two or three years their junior. I may mention that the strong regard formed thus early between the rich boy, George Anderson, and the poor boy, John Mower, mutually continued until the former died, and I well remember the distress of Mr. Mower when it was my lot to convey to him the intelligence that "Dr. George" was dead.

When I knew Mosey Brown, he was an old man, and failing; yet he was erect and muscular. To describe him rightly, one would say he was "a colored gentleman," cordial and respectful in his manner; yet there was no cringe about him; he was dignified and manly. He had a great respect and regard for the Very Rev. Father Heyden—and who that knew that grand old man of God had not;—under whose ministry he became a member of the Catholic church. He is buried in the same churchyard where repose the remains of his venerated friend and pastor.

The other name I referred to was Amos Harris, the progenitor of the Harris's of Bedford, who died about 1850, when over eighty years of age. He too had been a bondman. He also was a large man, more fleshy and not so muscular as Brown. He died some years before Brown did. I knew him only a short time. He was a member of the Lutheran church and the consistency of his goodness was never questioned. The humility with which he approached the Holy Communion, after all the white members had partaken, was unmistakable. I heard a lady remark, even in those *ante-bellum*, slave days, that in the light of heaven's revealings, after a while, it might prove true, in old Amos' case and others there, that "the first would be last and the last first;" yet the old man could not have been persuaded to have such a reversal here. I remember well the day he died. Rev. Davis, of the Presbyterian church, one summer morning asked me to walk up with him to see the old man. Many,

especially of the young men, were in the habit of going to see him in his home in the old low stone house, that had been a distillery, in the hollow near the Vondersmith homestead. We found him propped up in a large chair—he could not lie down,—having heart disease, with accompanying dropsy. He breathed with great difficulty, but he was the very impersonation of patient waiting; suffering, but serene and abounding in strong, bright hope. After the minister had prayed with him and we were going, he bade us good-bye, thanking us, in panting breaths, for coming to see him. We went home and about an hour afterward a messenger came to tell me the old man was dead and that, just before he died, he send us this message—"Tell dem white friends dat ole Amos went straight froo de gates into de city." Who among us could formulate a stronger expression of undoubting faith? It recalls the beautiful poem—"The Pauper's Death Bed"—

"O change! O wondrous change!
Burst are the prison bars.
This moment there so low
So agonized, but now
Beyond the stars!"

This will be as good a point as any to mention briefly what I have been able to gather as to the dates of organization of the several religious bodies in town. That there were members of the Presbyterian, German Reformed and Lutheran bodies here in 1766, is evident from the setting apart the burial ground, at the laying out of the town that year, for their joint use. That the word Calvinists referred to the German Reformed, as well as to the Presbyterians, the Governor settled himself, afterwards, when he gave license to the Reformed church to build a house of worship, and in it called them German Calvinists. The ground thus set apart was designated by the Surveyor General, John Lukens, thus—"For the Calvinists and Lutherans of the town for a burial place." They were here then, or why this bequest?

That Episcopalians, or Church of England people, were here at the same time, is proven by the terms of a similar record of gift, reading—"For The Church as a burial place." It is historically true that the term "The Church," in the

British Provinces in Colonial days, meant the English church. It was this fact, in connection with other evidence, that produced the decision of the court that gave "The Rector, Church Wardens and Vestrymen of St. James, as the successors of the English Church," possession of this same property, when it was in controversy in 1863.

Independent of the records of the Roman Catholic church, that show the existence of that body of Christians in Bedford at an early day, circumstantial evidence is very conclusive that it was represented here individually, if not organically, contemporaneously with the Protestant bodies.

That the southern and middle counties of Ireland furnished a very considerable percentage of the earliest emigrants to this section, the personal names on our archives, as well as the names of some of the first townships declare.

I am not familiar with the records of the other churches here than my own—excepting that of the church of my birth, the Presbyterian—as I ought to be, but I have the evidence that an early missionary of the Roman church to the wide-spread region of old Bedford county, was that celebrated and self-abnegating pioneer, the Prince Demetrius A. de Galitzin, of Russia. Soon after his coming to America, he was ordained a priest by the bishop of Baltimore—Carroll, brother, I believe, of "Charles Carroll of Carrollton," the last to die of all the signers of the Declaration of Independence—and, abjuring the honors and luxuries of a regal court, spent the remainder of his days in self-denial and earnest toil for the Master's work, as he saw that work, in the wilderness of the Alleghenies; and when his life's work was done, made his grave in the midst of that wilderness, on the mountain summit, beside the educational institution of his endowment, in the town—Loretto—that he founded. That the Catholics had no separate burial place of their own here, before the building of their first church in 1822, I adduce from the fact that several of their people, amongst others Mr. Heyden, uncle of the late Father Heyden, and who died early in this century, were buried in the Episcopal ground. The Very Rev. Thomas Heyden, D. D., who was, for over forty-seven years, the pastor of St. Thomas church, was the son of Thomas Heyden, who, in

company with his brother above mentioned, his wife and her son by a former marriage—the late Nicholas Lyons—and other children including the young Thomas, then a boy of ten or twelve years, emigrated to America during the first decade of this century. Thomas was educated for the priesthood at Emmetsburg, Md., became pastor of the parish here in 1822 and continued so until his death in 1870, uniformly declining calls to go elsewhere, and honors repeatedly offered him, including a bishop's mitre. He was an eminently pure, good man; in many respects a remarkable man. Of distinguished presence; with a native intellect of high order, developed by critical education, extensive reading and travel, he was frank and warm-hearted as a child. His piety was as unaffected as his faith was simple and undoubting. He was as ready to give of his wealth—he inherited a large estate from his father—as his prayers and counsels to the needy and suffering. No one that knew him ever suspected his sincerity in anything. I never knew a man who more symmetrically filled, to my idea, the definition in our Lord's injunction to His disciples—"wise as a serpent, harmless as a dove." He was that rare character, "a great man that didn't know it." Children felt at ease in his presence, while his society was sought after by great men in "church and state." Ex-President Buchanan and many others of our public men visited him annually when at the Springs. He was a welcome guest in the homes of Bedford, Protestant as well as Catholic; popular with old and young. He was oftentimes invited to the funerals of Protestants and went in company with the Protestant ministers, and at his own burial the Protestant clergy attended in a body.

True to his church he was, withal, Catholic in spirit. While I have never heard the charge of bigotry made against him, it could, on the other hand, never be said that he sacrificed his principles to expediency. He was a polemic of no mean powers, but he was so mild and gentle in expression, that it was once said that "his invectives sounded like other people's pet names." If he felt it a duty at any time to discuss, in sermons, what he believed to be errors, his usual terms of designating his opponents were, "my dear erring Protestant brethren."

If his people were derelict or tardy in their alms-giving (he required them to give to general charities and church purposes in lieu of the salary not exacted by or paid to him) he would sometimes lose patience and say: "Really you must do better: I am afraid I am spoiling you. If you don't give more I will be obliged to insist on having a salary, so I can have more to give myself."

He died lamented by his own people not only, but it was an entire community that bewailed him. He "sleeps his last sleep," with his parents and relatives, surrounded by the people that he baptized, married and buried. His memory is a fragrance here still and his influence in the social cordiality between the Catholics and Protestants is still apparent. It was the proceeds of a lecture, kindly given for the benefit of the Cemetery Association, by Father Heyden, on his return from one of his visits to Rome, that provided the beautiful maple trees that border its grounds.

I think I may, without impropriety, say that to Father Heyden, in connection with two of the then active Protestant clergymen—the late Rev. Henry Heckerman and the Rev. Frederick Benedict—belongs the honor of obliterating much of the prejudice that, more in former years than now, amongst all bodies of Christians, obscured the beauties and magnified the imperfections of each, to the others' eyes. There were those of the clergy, doubtless, as willing as these to earn the beatitude pronounced by the Master upon the blessed makers-of-peace, but they had not the opportunities and facilities for such work the long years of association gave the three worthies I have mentioned. I am glad to bring this tribute to a venerable friend. There are many Protestant hearts in Bedford who with my own can deck his bier with wreaths of pleasant memories, and flowers of reverence. The present church of St. Thomas is the third edifice of that name. It was a legacy from Father Heyden. The first building is still standing in their cemetery. The second church was built beside the first, but was taken down some seventeen years since, that the brick might be incorporated in the new building. How long, before the building of the first church, services were held here, I have not learned, but there were such services, both in the old court house,

and also in a room specially fitted up for worship.

I am indebted to "Historical Sketches"—by the Rev. Robert F. Sample, D. D., a devoted and successful pastor of the Presbyterian congregation of Bedford, from 1856 to 1866—for my information as to the first services of that body here, as also of the time of the organization of the present church. "The first public worship of which record is made was in 1763," and "the church was organized in 1782." One of the early pastors—Rev. David Bard—was a member of Congress about 1790. The Presbyterians have had a long line of pastors, good men and true; many of them men of rare Christian devotion and self-denying faithfulness. Judge Hall's father, Rev. William Maclay Hall, was one of these. He relinquished a lucrative law practice to minister at God's altar. He lost from an earthly point of view, but all who knew him, his pure character and uncompromising fidelity to duty and his self-abnegation for the Master, doubt not his ineffable reward. "The first house of worship was erected in 1810, during the pastorate of the Rev. Alexander Boyd," the owner of Boydstown. Previous to this time the services were held in the old court house as were those of the other bodies as need required. The present church was built on the site of the old one in 1827. The wife of Mr. Boyd was a lady of remarkable beauty. She died in 1816. On the large stone slab, over her grave in the old south yard is this quaint epitaph—

> "Reader behold and drop a tear;
> Beauty's remains lie buried here;
> Swift was her flight and short the road;
> She closed her eyes and saw her God."

Mr. Boyd, though a good man was of a financial turn of mind and had "an eye to business," as some preachers will. He was particularly interested in the turnpike, then in contemplation, and used his efforts—I don't think it hurt him any—to have it run past his house. Ministers must look out for themselves a little "you know," or "the Lord only knows who will." At any rate, Mr. Boyd's course scandalized the Rev. James R. Wilson, D. D., a "Reformed" Presbyterian minister of fine education and talents, but very eccentric, who had charge of the Bedford Classical Acad-

emy, then holding its sessions in the old court house; so one Sabbath, when Mr. Boyd very kindly invited the Doctor into his pulpit and, in the course of the services, asked him to pray, the old gentleman "prayed that God would convert the minister, and either make him an earnest and useful preacher, or an honest turnpike contractor." This was very similar to a prayer made some years later by a Presbyterian pastor here, Rev. William L. McCalla, as learned, as good and as eccentric as Dr. Wilson. For many years the late John Mower, Esq., was ruling elder in this church. In fact he was the factotum of the church. He led the meetings and read sermons when there was no preacher; he led the choir and played the "big-fiddle" when there was one; he superintended the Sunday school; he acted sexton, when there was "a strike" in that department. He was the minister's counselor in all uncertainties, his sympathizer in every sorrow and his faithful friend at all times. He was "instant in season and out of season," in his Lord's work, and he has gone to the "righteous man's reward." His proverbial faithfulness had earned for him the *sobriquet* of the "wheel horse." On one occasion Mr. McCalla had some plans he wished carried out and he sought Mr. Mower's co-operation. For once that brother's views disagreed with those of his pastor, and neither argument nor solicitation could move him. On the next Sunday amongst the pastor's morning petitions, came this one "and, O Lord, may it please Thee to bless the wheel-horse and make him willing to pull." You see I am giving these good men's oddities. If I were to narrate their serious doings and their unalloyed excellencies I'd never get through.

The Reformed and Lutheran congregations are respectively in their third and fourth houses of worship. Originally, in the time of Governor Penn, they built a union house of worship, a log building that stood where is now the present Reformed church. About 1817 this was taken down and Philip Williams, the contracting carpenter, used the logs to build his own house on Penn street, next west of the Keeffe residence. The two congregations again united in building the massive brick building, on the same site, that was recently torn down and replaced by

the Reformed congregation. The corner stone of this old brick was laid, I am told, by Rev. Yeager on part of the Lutherans, and Rev. Gerhardt on part of the German Reformed church. They used this building alternately until 1847, when the Lutherans sold their interest in the property to their fellow owners, and erected a brick church on the square, which, in course of years became too small, and they removed it and built on its site their present beautiful house of worship.

I am not, as I before intimated, as familiar with the inner history of these two congregations as I am with that of the Presbyterians, but I have unearthed in each of them a specimen of combined goodness and quaintness that will match the others narrated, and will bear telling. You know Mrs. Partington has made the sage observation that "there is a great deal of human nature in men," and there are men in all churches; though to the shame of our sex, it must be admitted the women are, in holy things, largely in the majority. The Reformed church had long years ago a pastor, Rev. Leidy by name, whose peculiarity was gentle politeness combined with extreme deliberation. These, with a habitual colloquial phrase of his—"I just wish to make mention"—were often amusing. I'll give an illustration. A Colonel Piper lived in the late Judge Taylor's house. One morning Father Leidy, as he was familiarly called, chanced to be passing down the street and discovered that the roof of the colonel's house was on fire. Most persons would at once have shouted fire! fire! This was not the good man's way. He went to the door and gently knocked. In a second he knocked again. The family were at breakfast. Mrs. Piper went to the door when he politely said, "Good morning, Mrs. Piper. I just wish to make mention, your house is on fire."

There used to be a minister here from forty to fifty years ago, of the Lutheran church, genuinely good, true of heart and very useful. His idiosyncrasy was to speak in the superlative of everything. It was a largely developed imagination; that was all; and it stood him in hand too, sometimes. He could paint heaven as very beautiful to the Christian, and make hell seem awfully disagreeable and uncom-

fortable to the wicked;—I've heard him;—but it was so in everything. Was a thing bad, it was "awfully bad;" was it good, it "was heavenly." Did you observe that a mountain in sight must be eight hundred feet high, he would put it at a thousand at least. Were there fifty wild ducks, at a guess, in a flight, he would guess a hundred; and so it went on. He wouldn't have told a deliberate falsehood for any consideration and yet his foible of overrating became a by-word. Finally one of his clerical brethren approached him upon the subject. After hearing the admonition through, he exclaimed, in genuine sorrow, "O, my brother! your reproof is just; I do not mean it, but I fear I do exaggerate. Brother, I have struggled against my fault: I have prayed over it; I have wept over it: O brother, I have shed hogsheads of tears on account of it."

The first Methodist house of worship was built in 1826, though services of that denomination had been held in the old court house, and in private houses, some years earlier. I am informed that one of the first bishops—Emory—visited Bedford to look after his people, and that mission work was begun here long before the membership were warranted in building.

The first church was removed some fifteen or more years ago to give place to the present commodious edifice made necessary by the growth of their congregation. One of their early itinerant pastors at one time did missionary labor in all the counties of Southern Pennsylvania from the Allegheny Mountain to the Susquehanna. That was the pious, sturdy Jacob Gruber, whose quaint wit and fearlessness have given his name a celebrity second only to that of Peter Cartright. He was plain spoken, even to a bluntness that would be offensive to the delicate ears of today. His sarcasm was withering and in his work it was often needed, but he could be as gentle as the beloved disciple when gentleness was required. His strong German accent gave point to his droll sayings, that have gone the rounds of the public press for at least ninety years. I'll mention one. Perhaps sixty years ago he was stationed in a neighborhood where the preponderance of the population were Baptists. His year was marked by a revival in which he had reason to ex-

pect nearly two hundred accessions to the "society," as he in common with early-day Methodists, termed it, but as fast as he would make converts, the Baptists would get hold of them and persuade them that they must go under the water to be saved, and as a result, made their spiritual home in the Baptist "meeting house." The poor old man tried in vain to turn the tide, but the current of water was too strong, and he saw his labors, so far as to the building up of his beloved Methodism, lost. When he went to the next conference the report of his great revival had preceded him, and the proposition was made to send him back for another year, but he flatly refused to go. When urged for a reason, for a decision so singular under the circumstances he replied: "It far no use my going tare; tem vatter-tippers makes all my shickens tucks," and he wouldn't go.

I have, through motives of courtesy to Christians of other names, left mention of my own spiritual home till the last.

Although Episcopal services were held here occasionally in early years, sometimes by the chaplains of the British army when tarrying here, and since by priests and bishops chancing to visit the Springs, there was not—although several attempts to that end were made, especially about sixty-five years ago by him who was afterward Bishop Hopkins of Vermont, and in 1852 or '53 and again in 1857 or '58, by Bishop Bowman of Pennsylvania—until 1860, any permanent organization consummated. Many of the early settlers and their descendants, who were church people, because of the unoccupied ground by our own had become identified with other religious bodies. A charter was granted by the court in 1860. After worshipping in the court house for several years the congregation of St. James church got into their own home, not many in numbers, but a united and happy band. The corner-stone of our house of worship was laid in 1866 by Bishop Lee of Delaware, during the absence of our own bishop—Stevens—in Europe, and the church was finally consecrated by Bishop Howe, the diocese, from increasing growth, having meanwhile been divided. The first visit of a bishop here, as far as we know, was between 1810-'25 by the second American bishop, the venerable

White, he who was chaplain to Congress when the Declaration of Independence was signed and the pastor and friend of President Washington.

I have told you of the eccentric ministers of other churches. It will not be fair to leave you under the impression that ours has none.

The incident I relate occurred here twenty years ago. St. James was temporarily without a rector, and a supply was sent by the bishop to care for the parish during the summer. He was a Scotchman and had been a Presbyterian minister well learned in sacred lore, but somewhat given to pedantry. The church services were held in this court room, as also was the Sunday school. I was superintending the school one afternoon when the minister came in and I requested him to talk to the school and, to give him a better opportunity, closed the lessons a quarter of an hour earlier than usual. The children, with a few exceptions, were from six to ten years of age. He began—"My young friends I am verra glad to see ye. I want to have a conversation with ye, and I will proceed without circumlocution. I want to discoorse to ye concerning the bible and what it teaches and will speak so ye can comprehend me. I will remark first that the bible is didactic in its character" and so he went on, and as he progressed the eyes and mouths of the little flock opened wide and still wider. Finally he ceased expounding, and went to interrogating. The last question he asked was, "Can any of ye answer me this question—what is sin?" Several very properly said "sin is doing wrong," or "sin is talking wrong," etc. "That's verra true but it's nae the answer I want. Noo speak oot, if any of ye know any ither." A bright little chap who had come up in the Presbyterian Sunday school, replied in the language of the Shorter Catechism, "Sin is any want of conformity unto or transgression of the law of God." "A gude answer, my lad," replied the Rev., "a verra gude answer; ye got it oot of that glorious compendium of faith, the Westminster Confession. Noo can any child gie me anither answer?" A little Episcopalian replied in the words of the General Confession, "Sin is leaving undone the things we ought to have done and doing the things we ought not to have done." "Weel done,

my lad, that was from the prayer book. I'm glad ye remember it sae well; they are baith gude answers; but I can tell ye a better still. I have gi'en it much thought and I would ask yet to fix it on your memories. It is comprehensive, concise and till the pint. Noo listen till me, so that ye dinna forget it. Sin is an abnormal condition of the moral intellectualism." The church lambs took the theological technicalities of the subject all in. I saw their mouths wide open in the effort. As to the teachers their feelings overcame them. His reverence closed the school; I was unequal to the occasion. Now if any one here has been under the impression that the Episcopal clergy are lacking in profundity I have given you proof to the contrary; unless, perchance, our Presbyterian brethren may claim the intellectual training of our specimen.

I promised you an old-time coach-day narrative. One night in 1845, a stage coach, coming west, was upset, full of passengers, on the turnpike in Mt. Dallas gap. Several of the passengers were hurt, but only one severely; that one was Bishop Chase of the Episcopal diocese of Illinois. He was then an old man and of enormous size, weighing nearly four hundred, and the crushing injured him seriously. He was carried to Judge Hartley's residence, then at the Mt. Dallas farm, and kindly nursed for four months, when he was taken to Pittsburg by easy stages, in a carriage sent by the Episcopalians of Pittsburg. A few days after he passed I had occasion to go to Somerset by way of Stoyestown. I got into the coach at the Washington Hotel and, amongst other through passengers, was Justice Grier, of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania. In the course of the day conversation turned on Bishop Chase and the accident that had befallen him, when Judge Grier told this story. Said the Judge, "I was once going to New Orleans by steamboat, and Bishop Chase was one of my fellow passengers. At one of the wooding stations on the Mississippi I noticed, standing on a store platform, a man clad in black broadcloth, with a white beaver, high-crowned hat with a broad black band on it; the insignia, in those days, of the professional gambler; in fact I recognized this man as one of the most notorious gamblers on the river. While the boat hands were

wooding and loading local freight, to my great surprise the Bishop walked off the plank and going to the gambler shook hands with him and greeted him in the most cordial manner, and remained in conversation with him until the signal was made for starting. After a while I said, 'Bishop, knowing your holy office and yourself personally as I do, any act of yours is presumptively right in my eyes, but I plead guilty to a great curiosity to know how you, an acknowledged man of God and a prelate in your church (Judge Grier was a Presbyterian) could meet so cordially a man that everybody knows to be a professional gambler.' 'I'll tell you Judge,' said the Bishop, 'and when I have done you will, I know, endorse my act. Two years ago I was going down the river as we are now. This gambler and several others of the craft were on board. There was also a passenger, a young man of twenty or twenty-one years of age, a bright, prepossessing young fellow that made friends amongst the passengers as the days wore on. One evening my gambler friend, and the other professionals, were in the saloon playing cards, for stakes of course. Amongst others watching them was our young fellow passenger, who, it afterward developed, had some seven or eight thousand dollars, his own patrimony, and what his widowed mother could spare, that he was seeking an investment for it in the southwest. As the gaming went on, the young man, as he saw the stakes swept in, seemed anxious to play and was repeatedly invited to do so by all the professionals excepting my friend, who invariably objected to taking him into the game. This gave offence to the young man, but finally, when he took his seat at the table, my gambler, as I may call him, left the table in evident annoyance. We all watched the course of the game, some of us even remonstrating with the boy at our personal risk. The result was, that soon he left the table the picture of despair, his roll of money all gone, and rushed to his stateroom. Fearing he would do himself violence, I followed him, and a moment after my gambler followed me. We obtained a statement of the boy's history and circumstances. The gambler said: "You were offended because I didn't want you to play. ' Did you think I was afraid of you? I gamble I am sorry to say, but I never try to wrong the

verdant. When I fleece a man it is a professional player. Have you any money left?" The boy had a few dollars loose in his pocket that he had overlooked. "Give it to me," said the gambler, and taking it, he went to the table and resumed his playing first saying, "You stay with this Christian man, and listen to his counsel and keep heart." "I talked and prayed with the boy, fearing to leave him," said the Bishop, and in about two hours the gambler came back and said, "How much money had you, young man?" The boy named the amount. "Now then get down on your knees before this man of God, and swear that you'll never again play for the amount of even a penny, and here is your money." The boy made the pledge on his knees, calling God to witness his sincerity; when his friend handed him the money, and producing another roll, said, "With what you gave me, I won your pile back and have besides several thousand dollars for myself. I have cleaned those scoundrels out. My boy, I always fish for sharks, never for minnows."

"'I have heard,' continued the Bishop, 'from the young man repeatedly, and he is doing well, not only with his money, but he has by faith placed himself under the guidance and protection of the "Lord of all power and might without whom nothing is strong, nothing is holy." Judge, do you blame me that I cordially greeted that man, and that I pray that God may yet vouchsafe to him deliverance?'"

I have but one more story of local interest, to try your patience with, my friends, and I will speedily close. It was related to me by President Buchanan. One morning, as was his wont, he came into town from the Springs, after breakfast, to chat with his friends, and I met him near the old graveyard, as he was walking back, and accompanied him as far as Walnut Hill. In couse of conversation he spoke of the changes that had taken place since his first visit, to the Springs. Said he, "On my third visit, in 1819, for I was here first in 1816, I drove from Lancaster in a gig—I was a young man then. The turnpike was then in progress of making, but in some places was not yet passable. I stopped over night at the old Reamer stand, at the foot of Sidling Hill, and, as I was starting up the mountain, I asked whether

I had better keep the old road up the hill or try the new one. I was told that I might possibly get up by the turnpike, as it was nearly finished, so I concluded to try it. When I had gone up two or three miles, or more perhaps, I found a few hundred yards of the way that was impassable to wheels. There were stumps and rocks not yet removed. I talked awhile with the laborers of whom there were several, and was about turning my horse's head, to retrace my way, to where I could take the old road again when a young Irishman, whose apparent intelligence I had observed, kindly proposed that if I could walk over the rough intervening distance, to where the road was again passable, they could manage to get my horse and gig over. I gratefully accepted the offer. Accordingly they unhitched my horse and while one of them carefully led him, four others carried my gig, and, when again on the finished road, they put me on my way grateful and rejoicing, for they saved me not less than six miles travel. Now," continued Mr. Buchanan, "who do you suppose that bright, kindly young Irishman was?" I said I couldn't imagine. "It was," he replied, "he who is Archbishop Hughes of New York, one of nature's noblemen."

Ladies and Gentlemen:—If I have not tried your patience, it is because of your kind forbearance. If I have, permit me to try it a few moments longer. Every tale has its moral; every discourse its application. Is there not much food for reflection even in so crude a paper as mine not because of any merit in the paper itself, but for its subject?

All around us lie the dead, whose names and doings have made up much of our local history. Some of the most conspicuous of them have neither tomb nor urn to plead in their remembrance; and there are urns and tombs that bear but empty names of which no one knows "the who, or when, or where." All have made "their mark." Some of these marks are visible, some are obliterated. Some are remembered; some forgotten in name, in act, in identity, in everything. In our graveyards have been resolved to the elements, here and there, the last vestige of

> "Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast,
> The little tyrant of his fields withstood.
> Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest;
> Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood."

The important abstract question is not—Has the world heard of them and resounded with their fame? It is just the reverse. Did they try to do their duty, "as God gave them to see that duty?" Isn't the sum and substance of all true action to do, for the right's sake, the best one can? The whether the world is going to hear about it and rave over it is quite another consideration. I suppose there never was an ingenious, undistorted human soul satisfied with its own achievements. Yours are not; mine is not. We make an aim, but we fail to reach the standard we have set up, and, in our discontent, we are tempted to write "Ichabod" over all the fabric of deed and acquirement that we have builded; and yet, after all, is not the worthy motive and the worthy effort, the offspring of that motive, though it seem unfruitful and barren of result, just as much a virtue in us as in them who, with no more apparent effort than ours, gain wealth—the lever of beneficence—and fame, and the world's applause, while we, perchance, reap only poverty and obscurity?

> "Full many a gem of purest ray serene
> The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear."

They are gems no less because they are hidden ones.

> "Full many a flower is born to blush unseen
> And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

Its sweetness is not wasted, if its perfume and beauty give pleasure to its great Creator; and there are no deserts, for God is everywhere.

"A storied urn or animated bust," over our graves, will not augment our successes—if we do succeed—one atom. These are but the "editorial puffs" in the "local columns" of renown, that we will sleep as well without.

Generals plan the battles, and the rank and file win the victories. The generals reap the glory, and the bronzes, and the marbles; while the flattened graves, and the dark morass, and the world's oblivion cover the rank and file; but they were successes for all that; they saved their country, its honor, and its flag; and the God of battles keeps the records, and not one worthy name will be missing when the awards are made, at the last great roll-call.

How often have I wished for the opportunity to thank

that great, good man, whose magic pen—that has won for him an immortal name—has, for two changing generations, served his country and his race more grandly than ever did the sword; that fearless pen that, steeped in love and pity, cut, like a two-edged battle blade, to redress the wrongs of the down-trodden and the oppressed; that pen, sometimes inspired as by the stern spirit of the Prophet of Carmel, sometimes by the gentler breathings of the Seer of Patmos, yet always pregnant with the unchanging burden—"God and humanity;" that has filled our literature with ideals of eternal beauty, charming the soul and enticing it to higher, purer, holier things; never inscribing an unworthy, ignoble, or even doubtful sentiment—how often have I longed to thank, yes, to bless John G. Whittier for the good done me by his verses, not only many times in many years, but especially when all cast down and dissatisfied with my life's efforts and the results, I first read his exquisite poem—"PATIENCE."

Like an evangel it came to me, disclosing as a talisman, to my faith, the subtle combination that unlocked the hitherto inscrutable intricacies of providential adjustment, while revealing the insignificance of the individual and the office of the Omnipotent One, to untangle every web of perplexity and compensate for every semblance of inequality—

"Let me not dream in vain despair,
That progress stays her steps for me;
The puny leverage of a hair,
A planet's impulse well may spare;
A drop of dew, the tided sea.

"The loss, if loss there be, is mine;
And yet not mine, if understood;
For one must grasp, and one resign,
One drink life's rue, and one its wine,
And God shall make the balance good.

"O power to do! O baffled will!
O prayer and action, ye are one,
Who may not serve, may yet fulfill
The harder task of standing still;
And good but wished, with God is done."

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